HEIRLOOMS IN MINIATURES

BY

ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON

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HEIRLOOMS IN MINIATURES

BY

ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON

WITH A CHAPTER ON MINIATURE PAINTING

BY EMILY DRAYTON TAYLOR

WITH NUMEROUS REPRODUCTIONS OF THE BEST EXAMPLES OF COLONIAL, REVOLUTIONARY, AND MODERN MINIATURE PAINTERS



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TO

HELEN BELL

WHOSE FRIENDSHIP WAS A
JOY, WHOSE MEMORY IS
AN INSPIRATION

PREFACE



To gather together some interesting and representative American miniatures, and to accompany them with a brief record of the individuals whom they represent, was the first intention of the author of this volume. In the course of her researches, and while in correspondence with families owning precious heirlooms in miniatures, so much of interest was brought to light with regard to early American painters, that this book has grown into a chronicle of the sayings and doings of the artists, as well as of those whom they portrayed. For this divergence from her original design the writer feels that she need make no apology, in view of the interest that belongs to the reminiscences and anecdotes which have thus been brought to light, our early artists being men of attractive personality, whose histories are inseparably connected with their country's progress in the arts and sciences, as well as with her Colonial and her Revolutionary life.

PREFACE

Without in any sense attempting to supply the much needed history of American art for which the writer has in vain sought the libraries of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, she ventures to believe that she here presents many facts with regard to the art life of the country which are unknown to the general reader, in connection with much family data, historical and reminiscent.

The author desires to express her thanks to those who have confided to her care the originals of miniatures which are here reproduced, and takes pleasure in making her acknowledgments for the use of diaries, letters, and family data to Miss Elizabeth Hesselius Murray, of West River, Maryland; to General Charles W. Darling, of Utica, New York; to Mr. Jonathan Trumbull, of Norwich, Connecticut, and to Miss Blanche Sully, Miss Anna and Miss Mary Peale, Mrs. Henry S. Huidekoper, Miss Hannah M. Milligan, Dr. Charles E. Cadwalader, the Honorable Craig Biddle, Mr. James S. Biddle, Mr. Horace W. Sellers, Dr. Albert Peale, and Mr. Walter P. Brown, of Philadelphia.

For a valuable chapter upon Miniature Painting as an Art she is indebted to her friend Mrs. J. Madison Taylor, of Philadel-

phia, some of whose beautiful miniatures adorn the pages of this volume.

While much material has been drawn from original sources, in the form of diaries, letters, and recollections, the following authorities have been consulted in the preparation of this book: Cunningham's "Lives of the Painters;" "History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States," by William Dunlap; "Book of the Artists," by Henry T. Tuckerman; "Art and Artists of Connecticut," by H. W. French; "History of the Centennial of the Inauguration of Washington," by Clarence W. Bowen; "Life Portraits of George Washington and Andrew Jackson," by Charles Henry Hart; "Old Kent, Maryland;" "Provincial Councillors of Pennsylvania," by Charles P. Keith; "Autobiography of Colonel John Trumbull;" "Life of Gilbert Stuart," and "Reminiscences of Newport," by George C. Mason; "The Domestic and Artistic Life of John Singleton Copley," by Martha Babcock Amory, and "The Life of J. S. Copley," by Augustus Thorndyke Perkins.

A. H. W.

Philadelphia, November, 1897.

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HEIRLOOMS IN MINIATURES

CHAPTER I. COLONIAL ART

IN reviewing the conditions of life in the different Colonies, those of the South, in which the struggle for existence was less rigorous than in the Northern settlements, would seem to have offered a more genial atmosphere for the development of art than the chill seaboard of New England. Virginia, with its considerable admixture of the cavalier element in its population, gay, debonair, beauty-loving, and pleasure-loving, is the Province which of all others would appear most congenial to the Muse of the poet and the inspiration of the artist. Yet, although George Sandys was translating Ovid's "Metamorphoses" on the banks of the James as early as 1621, and Drayton, in writing of Virginia about the same time, proposed to

> "Entice the Muses thither to repair;
> Entreat them gently; train them to the air,"

these coy damsels, for some reason, failed to identify themselves with the life and spirit of the South as did those who inspired certain singers of the Northern and Middle Colonies. Nor did any native artist of note except

Hesselius arise in those early days to perpetuate with pencil and brush the charms of the daughters of the Old Dominion. Most of the old portraits which still adorn the homes of Virginia were executed by Lely, Kneller, Vandyck, Reynolds, and other foreign artists. John Hesselius was living in Annapolis, painting portraits there and in Virginia, prior to 1759, as were Manly and Durand twelve years later. The works of Manly seem to have made no permanent impression. His name is mentioned in hand-books as a pioneer in American art, while of Durand, who executed a number of portraits in Virginia, Mr. Sully says, "His works are hard and dry, but appear to have been strong likenesses, with less vulgarity of style than artists of his calibre generally possess." In hand-books of American art Gustavus Hesselius has for some reason been overlooked, and all the paintings marked Hesselius have been attributed to John Hesselius.

In the will of Gustavus Hesselius, proved May 29, 1755, he describes himself as a "face painter," and mentions a son John as executor.* From this fact, taken in connection with

* Gustavus Hesselius, a Swede, who lived in Philadelphia between 1744 and 1750, was, says Mr. John W. Jordan, "undoubtedly the first builder of organs in the Colonies, antedating the Boston maker by fifteen years." Hesselius, who was a member of the Moravian Church, built the organ for the Moravian Church in Bethlehem in 1744, as can be proved by his bills for the work.



Archibald McCall
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Mrs. William Plumsted
(Mary McCall)
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the circumstance that Gustavus Hesselius painted altar pieces in some of the old churches in Maryland and Virginia, it is reasonable to believe that some Southern as well as several of the early Philadelphia portraits attributed to John Hesselius were executed by his father, who was painting before the middle of the century.

Among these are portraits of Joshua Maddox, a well-known Philadelphia merchant, and his wife, and of Mrs. Wallace, one of the belles of the Philadelphia Dancing Assembly of 1748, all of which are painted in the style of Kneller, with the broad shadows noticeable in the work of that artist. This, and other marked characteristics, have caused several unsigned portraits to be attributed to Hesselius. Another of these portraits is that of Mary McCall, whose attractive face also looks forth from a miniature of the day.

Mary McCall married William Plumsted, who was several times elected Mayor of Philadelphia. An *étui* presented to the bride by her husband upon their wedding day, May 27, 1753, is still preserved in the family. This handsome adornment, in addition to being furnished with many useful articles in solid gold, contains a tiny gold butter-taster; which shows that the ladies of the olden time, despite the stately elegance in which they appear in their portraits, did not consider it beneath their dignity personally to superintend their households, even to the tasting of butter in the market.

Mrs. Plumsted's brother, Archibald McCall, whose miniature was painted about the same time, was one of the first East India merchants of his day. His home, at the corner of Second and Union Streets, with its many curios brought from foreign lands, and his garden, in which were gathered strange animals and birds, were a delight to the children of the family and the neighborhood.

The portraits of Joseph Pemberton and his wife, Anne Galloway, daughter of Joseph Galloway, of Anne Arundel County, Maryland, have been assigned to Hesselius in consequence of certain marked characteristics of style. A quaint story has come down to this generation with the portrait of Anne Galloway. When Joseph Pemberton set forth from Philadelphia, like Cœlebs, in search of a wife, his intention was to proceed to Virginia and marry one of the "Pleasants girls." On his journey he stopped in Maryland, where he was hospitably entertained at "Tulip Hill." Here the charms of Anne Galloway, or, perchance, the substantial attractions of her father's broad acres, so wrought upon his youthful imagination that he journeyed no farther, and the "Pleasants girls" sighed in vain for this particular lover, although they apparently found others to their liking.

The marked characteristics of the style of Kneller noticed in these early portraits go to prove that they were by the elder Hesselius, as his son could not have studied with

Kneller, nor could he have had an opportunity of seeing many of his paintings, there being no record of John Hesselius having visited the Old World before the middle of the century.

John Hesselius has been spoken of as a son of Samuel Hesselius, a Swedish missionary; but the fact has lately been established that John Hesselius was the son of Gustavus and a nephew of the two Swedish missionaries, Samuel and Andreas Hesselius.*

John Hesselius was living in Philadelphia in 1749, as his name appears in the list of subscribers to the Philadelphia Dancing Assembly of that year; but he had evidently gone to Maryland some time before 1755, as he wrote from Philadelphia under date of June 26, 1755:

"I have been so hurried in my affairs since I came here, and now since the death of my dear father, that I hope you will excuse my seeming neglect in not writing before. My being left executor of my father's estate has obliged me to remain and to stay much longer in Philadelphia than I desired, but I hope in a fortnight more I shall be moving down to Virginia, and as soon as I can dispatch the business I have on hand there I intend to come to Maryland, where I have already left my heart."

* For this information the author is indebted to Mr. Charles Henry Hart, of Philadelphia, who has made an exhaustive study of the subject.

Whether John Hesselius had given his heart to some unrequiting fair one of Maryland, or whether he then worshipped at a distance, as the star of his boyhood, the woman who was destined to be his wife eight years later, the family chronicle does not relate.

Mrs. Henry Woodward was at this time living with her first husband upon his estate, Bellefield, on the Severn River. In January, 1763, Mr. Hesselius married the widow of Henry Woodward.

Mrs. Woodward is described as a woman of strong and individual character and deep religious feeling.

"When," says her great-granddaughter, Miss Murray, "the name of Methodist was a reproach, Mrs. Woodward made them [the Methodists] welcome to Primrose, and their services were often held there. Deeply attached to her own Church, she beheld with grief its low estate, and while she welcomed these servants of God, who came preaching the pure Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in its simplicity and fulness, she believed that they were sent as messengers of God to the Episcopal Church to arouse His people from their slumber and awaken them to a higher life. . . .

"Several of her most intimate friends, particularly her son-in-law, Philip Rogers, Esq., and Mrs. Prudence Gough, of Perry Hall, connected themselves with that society; but when the Methodists finally separated them-

selves from the Church, she remained true to the Church of her fathers."*

A portrait of Mrs. Hesselius, with two of her children, painted by her second husband, represents a woman of regular features with a serene and noble expression of countenance, justifying what her grandson, Dr. Addison, says of her distinguished beauty in old age.

In her "Family Picture," a long descriptive poem, Mrs. Hesselius sternly reproves the faults of her fledglings, while she reveals much maternal pride and affection in a series of verses that defy the scanning of the scholar. Harriet Hesselius, Charlotte, who "loves a craped head and is fond of a train," "young Caroline," "whose frown often puts all the graces to flight," and "Eliza, the child of my care," all appear at length in the maternal poem, as do some of their quaint little faces in portraits which were the work of the father, John Hesselius.

A charming miniature of Charlotte Hesselius is preserved in her family which is of quite too late a date to have been painted by her father, who died in 1778. Charlotte, like her mother, had a turn for rhyming, as is proved by a will still extant "composed by Miss Charlotte Heselius, first wife of Thomas Jennings Johnson, Esq., and daughter of Heselius, the portrait limner."

* "One Hundred Years Ago," by Elizabeth Hesselius Murray.

A sarcastic, cleverly worded will is this, in which the fine humor of the girl writer finds expression in some of the lines, and in which the testator, William Farris, watch-maker at Annapolis, Maryland, thus washes his hands of some of his neighborly grudges:

"To Nancy, the darling of me and my wife,
I give and bequeath the spinet for life.
Once I thought she would play with the help of a master,
But, it grieves me to say, she learned not a bit faster.
Harry Woodcock I trusted to teach her to play,
But I soon found 'twas money and time thrown away;
So she did what was right, made me save all my pelf,
And picked out a tune here and there by herself.
All the town knows that Harry's a very great liar,
And music from him she could never acquire.
What a time there has been for his making of money!
Like a puppy, he's missed it; like a puppy, he's funny.
Poor devil, sometimes, in the midst of a gloom,
For a dinner he's forced to play the buffoon;
But I still like old Woodcock, I vow and declare;
As a proof, I shall leave him a lock of my hair."*

Charlotte and Eliza Hesselius were married the same night, the latter to Walter Dulaney, Jr. Of this wedding a family chronicler thus writes:

"My Aunt Charlotte was married on the same night to Mr. Thomas Johnson (son of the Governor), and a very large company was invited to Primrose. The bridesmaids were Miss Sarah Leitch (daughter of Major Leitch, aid to Gen'l Washington, who was killed at Harlem Plains; she afterwards married my

* "Old Maryland," by Frank B. Mayer.



Mrs. Philip Rogers
By Charles Willson Peale
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uncle, John Addison); Miss Murray, afterwards Mrs. Gov. Lloyd; Miss Maria Murray, afterwards Mrs. Gen'l Mason, and Miss Cromwell, afterwards Mrs. Lee."

Miss Leitch must have been a rare beauty, as one of the wedding guests, Mrs. Belt, thus writes of her:

"Miss Leitch, with her hair crimped, looks divinely. Great preparations are making for her appearance at the Races. She has worked herself a very handsome muslin gown with a long train, and fortunately a new cap and some other little articles of finery are just arrived from England."

Another guest at this wedding was Mrs. Philip Rogers, a half-sister of the brides, Eliza and Charlotte Hesselius, and an own sister of Harriet Woodward, who married Colonel Edward Brice. Rebecca Young Woodward married Philip Rogers in 1776 at the age of twenty. She does not appear in the "Family Picture" of Mrs. John Hesselius, although her sister Harriet is there,—

> "Like the low, humble violet, content with the shade,
> Nor envies the tulip its gaudy parade."

The mother deals more tenderly with Harriet than with her other children, probably because she was a widow at the time of the writing, although she later emerged from the shade of her weeds sufficiently to marry Mr. Murray.

A miniature of Mrs. Philip Rogers by

Charles Willson Peale is in the possession of her descendants. Unfortunately, the miniature is not dated, but from the youthfulness of the face there is good reason to believe that it was painted a few years after her marriage. In a letter written to Mrs. Walter Dulaney, Mrs. Rogers speaks of sitting to Mr. Peale for her miniature, since she desires it, Mr. Peale being soon expected in Baltimore. Mrs. Walter Dulaney was a daughter of Mr. Richard Grafton, of New Castle, Delaware. In one of her school-girl letters to her father from Philadelphia in 1739 she tells him of the progress that she has made in dancing, which she hopes "may answer to the Expense, and enable me to appear well in any Polite Company."

That the Annapolis life was formal and ceremonious as well as gay we gather from various sources. Two of Mrs. Walter Dulaney's grandsons came to Annapolis from London in 1789. Dr. Addison, in his recollections, gives the following account of the introduction of these young men into the brilliant Annapolis circles, as an instance of the punctilious observance of the etiquette of the day:

"My Uncle John and himself [young Walter Dulaney] were invited to an evening party. After dinner, as was his wont, he took an airing in the riding costume of an English gentleman, which he had brought with him from England. It consisted of small clothes of yellow buckskin, blue coat, red cassimere

vest, and fine top-boots. Of this swell costume he appears to have been vain, and on his return he did not disrobe, but presented himself in this trim to an astonished assembly of elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen. He had not anticipated such a scene (which equalled anything he had seen in London), and thought he could dress as he pleased. Great was his dismay and confusion. He was met at the door by his Grandmamma Dulaney in highly offended dignity. 'What do you mean, Walter, by such an exhibition? Go immediately home to your room and return in a befitting dress.' And he was very glad to go, and soon returned in silk stockings, embroidered vest, etc. He told me of his great astonishment at the splendor of the ladies' dresses and the adornments of the apartments."

To John Woolaston, who painted in Philadelphia as early as 1758 and in Virginia a little later, we are indebted for a number of Colonial portraits. Among these is the only portrait extant of Martha Washington in her early matronhood, while Woolaston's painting of the grandmother of John Randolph of Roanoke is said to be an excellent portrait. Mr. Charles Willson Peale says that Woolaston acquired his skill of painting drapery from an English artist, while Mr. Dunlap observed in his style suggestions of the influence of Kneller, an influence that could have come to Woolaston only from a study of the works of Kneller.

An interesting souvenir of Woolaston's stay in Philadelphia is to be found in *The American Magazine* for September, 1758, in the form of some verses written by Francis Hopkinson, in which his youthful enthusiasm for the artist and his work found expression in the following lines:

"Ofttimes with wonder and delight I stand,
To view the amazing conduct of your hand.
At first unlabour'd sketches lightly trace
The glimmering outlines of a human face;
Then by degrees the liquid life o'erflows
Each rising feature—the rich canvas glows
With heightened charms—the forehead rises fair,
And glossy ringlets twine the nut-brown hair;
The sparkling eyes give meaning to the whole
And seem to speak the dictates of a soul,
The lucid lips in rosy sweetness drest,
The well-turned neck and the luxuriant breast,
The silk that richly flows with graceful air—
All tell the hand of Woolaston was there."

John Woolaston pursued his art in Maryland and Virginia, and may even have carried it farther south into the Carolinas, where no native artist of distinction appeared until the days of Washington Allston and Charles Fraser.

Although Hesselius, Woolaston, and other artists, native and foreign, were doing work of more or less excellence in several of the Middle and Southern Colonies, it was in New England, where the atmosphere was much more strongly charged with theology than with art or beauty, and in Quaker Pennsylvania, where the graces of character were more assiduously

cultivated than those of form, that painting was destined to gain its strongest foothold and to make its most enduring impression.

Robert Feke, a Rhode Island Quaker, who was painting in Newport in 1746, executed portraits of the Reverend John Callender, of Newport, and the beautiful wife of Governor Wanton, of Rhode Island. He evidently visited Philadelphia, as a portrait by him of Mrs. Charles Willing, wife of the Mayor, and one of Tench Francis, signed R. Feke, 1746, are in the possession of their descendants. The following romantic story told of Robert Feke may contain some grains of truth:

"Feke, although of Dutch descent, was a Quaker, who joined the Baptist Church and thereby gave offence to his father. The young man then embraced a seafaring life, and in one of his voyages was taken prisoner by the Spaniards and carried off to Spain.

"While a captive in that far-off land he sought to relieve the tediousness of a long imprisonment by some rude attempts at painting. The sale of these poor pictures, after his release, procured him the means of returning to America."

From the work done by him later, it looks as if Feke had had the good fortune to study with some of the Spanish masters. He died in Bermuda, at the age of forty-four years.

John Watson, a Scotchman, was painting in Philadelphia some time prior to 1728, and William Williams in 1746. The former settled

in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, and from there made visits to Philadelphia. Upon one of these sojourns in the Quaker City Mr. Watson made pen-and-ink sketches of Governor William Keith and his wife, Lady Anne Keith. After painting in Philadelphia for some time he returned to Perth Amboy, where he died in 1728.

Two early American artists, little known today, were John Meng and Henry Bembridge. John Meng was the son of Christopher Meng, of Manheim, Germany, who came to America in 1728 and settled in Germantown, Philadelphia.

John early developed a talent for painting, which not being encouraged by his father, he left home and went to the West Indies, where he died in 1754 at the early age of twenty. A few of John Meng's paintings are still preserved in Germantown families.

Henry Bembridge was born in Philadelphia in 1750. His parents were wealthy and encouraged his taste for art. While quite young he painted the panels of a room in his father's house with historical designs and copies made from the cartoons of Raphael. These frescoes were executed with such skill that they attracted many visitors to Mr. Bembridge's house, which, Mr. Peale says, was in Lodge Alley. Henry Bembridge went to Rome in 1770, and studied there for some time under Pompeio Battoni and Raphael Mengs. On his return to America, about 1774, he settled in Charleston, South Carolina. He afterwards came back to Philadelphia and married a Miss Sage. Several

small pictures of Commodore Truxton and family are attributed to Bembridge, whose son married a daughter of the Commodore. A miniature by Bembridge is in the possession of Mr. William M. Tilghman, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Peale in his recollections* speaks of Miss Mary Wrench, who was painting miniatures in Philadelphia prior to the Revolution, thus antedating Miss Goodridge, the Boston miniature painter, by many years. Mr. Peale says that he called to see Miss Wrench one day, having some curiosity about her work, and after she had shown the artist some of her miniatures, he asked her if she ever had heard of Charles Willson Peale. She said that she had, and wished she could take some lessons of him. He replied, "I am Mr. Peale, and will be glad to give you some lessons." Miss Wrench was overcome with confusion, and said she would never have shown her work had she known that her visitor was so distinguished an artist. Another evidence of Miss Wrench's modesty, which seems to us rather strained in these days, is that she did not like to paint gentlemen's portraits, but was, as she explained, constrained to do it because she needed the money. Miss Wrench afterwards married Mr. Rush and painted no more.†

* These unprinted recollections of Charles Willson Peale are in the possession of a member of the family.

† This is probably the William Rush who is spoken of by Mr. Peale as a "modeller." He was by trade a carver of ships' heads, and Dunlap says "by talent and study an artist."

Mr. Peale gives no opinion with regard to the quality of the work of this early woman miniaturist, but the fact that she supported her family from the proceeds of her painting proves that she was successful in obtaining orders. The prices then paid for portraits and miniatures prove that the profession of an artist was not a royal road to fortune.

The Dutch settlers, who infused so much industry, thrift, and legislative sagacity into the life of New Amsterdam, seem to have brought with them little or no artistic ability. The flowers and plants imported by them showed them to have possessed the love of beauty that belonged to a race of great artists, but the portraits of stiff and staid men and women, which adorned their homes in early days and are still to be found among the descendants of the Knickerbockers, were executed by foreign artists. Among such portraits is a quaint old miniature of Elsje Tymens, whose physiognomy, as well as her name, bespeaks her Dutch blood. Elsje Tymens's mother was Marritje Jans, a sister of the celebrated Anneke Jans, of whom a number of spirited anecdotes are related. Her step-father was Govert Loockermans. Elsje Tymens was twice married,—first to Pieter Corneliszen Van der Veen; secondly, in 1663, to Jacob Leisler, who upon the defeat of James II. and the accession of William, Prince of Orange, and the disturbances in New Amsterdam which followed these important events,



Miss Peggy Champlin
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Mrs. Jacob Leisler
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led a rebellion against the authorities. Leisler was so successful in carrying the populace with him that he became Commander-in-Chief of the Province of New York, and for some months exercised supreme control.

A curious page of Colonial history is presented at this time, when Jacob Leisler ruled the Province with despotic power, although not once named in the King's commission. Ignored one day by the officers of the Province, and on another called upon to aid them against the French and Indians, who were continually menacing the northern and western borders, he was finally treated with an injustice greater than that which he meted out to others.

In the foreground the pictures are such stalwart figures as Stephanus Van Cortlandt,* Peter Schuyler, Mayor of Albany, Colonel Nicholas Bayard, and, for picturesqueness, the royal Governors, Nicholson and Bella-

* Stephanus Van Cortlandt was Mayor of New York at this time. His authority was openly defied by Jacob Leisler and his powers usurped. When Leisler sent the constable to Mayor Van Cortlandt's home to demand the seals and charter of the city, Madam Geertruyd Van Cortlandt, a sister of Mayor Schuyler, who is described as a woman of commanding presence and manner, received the committee with the constable at its head politely, but declined to resign the symbols of her husband's authority, which had been left in her care, and when the committee retired and a sergeant-at-arms visited her, she shut the door in his face and defied his threats.

mont, laced and plumed, while in the background stand heroic Geertruyd Van Cortlandt, Madam Staats, the Eastern beauty, Anneke Jans, wife of the beloved Parson Everardus Bogardus, and Mrs. Leisler, surrounded by her daughters, delicate, golden-haired Mary Leisler, who, whether from love or fear history telleth not, married her father's prime favorite, aider, and abettor, James Milborne, and Hester Leisler, who shares with Carolina Staats the honor of being the heroine of Mr. Bynner's story of "The Begum's Daughter."

It is not strange that the novelist chose for the setting of his tale the unique and picturesque town of New Amsterdam, or that he placed it chronologically in this most stirring period of Colonial life. Mr. Bynner's characters are, as a rule, admirably drawn; but from what family tradition has handed down of Mrs. Leisler and her doings, she appears to have been a woman of more force of character than the novelist has given her credit for.

Mrs. Jacob Leisler finally succeeded, with the aid of her son and her friends, and by means of one of those sudden revulsions of popular feeling that often follow a high-handed measure in government, in obtaining from the Parliament of Great Britain a reversal of her husband's attainder. In her miniature, which was painted in her younger days before the blight of a great sorrow fell upon her life, Elsje Leisler appears with a serene and untroubled face, arrayed in a blue gown with a

white neckerchief and cap trimmed with lace and red ribbons. The miniature came into possession of its present owner through Elizabeth Rynders Bayard, a daughter of Hester Leisler and Barent Rynders, whose marriage is the unexpected happening of Mr. Bynner's story.

Interesting and romantic incidents, worthy to engage the brush of the artist or the pen of the novelist, are to be found in the early history of all the Colonies. Even if later historians are disposed to throw discredit upon the time-honored story of the proxy wooing of Priscilla Mullins (or Molines) by assuring us that Captain Myles Standish was having a helpmeet imported for him at the very time that he was supposed to have placed his love affairs in the hands of John Alden, there were all over New England romances as fresh and sweet as the May flowers that starred her rocky hill-sides, while in Pennsylvania and the Lower Counties Quaker maidens won hearts and reigned over them as absolutely as their more gayly attired sisters in the Southern Colonies.

A quaint old Delaware story is told of the wooing and winning of Katharine Hollingsworth, daughter of Valentine Hollingsworth, one of those who accompanied William Penn in the Welcome and settled upon the banks of the picturesque Brandywine. Katharine Hollingsworth, "a lovely, beautiful, and delectable Quaker maiden," as she was called, became the pride and delight of the little settlement.

Of all the young men who sought her love, Big George Robinson alone found favor in her eyes, and she promised to be his wife; but George was of the Church of England, and Katharine "must be married in Meeting." George was willing to join the Society, be a Friend, and be married in Meeting or anywhere else that Katharine said; accordingly he and Katharine made their first declaration 5th day, 1st month, 1688.

The older Friends had "scruples," and fearing that George's very sudden conversion was not from conviction, they asked him this searching question:

"Friend Robinson, dost thou join the Society of Friends from conviction, or for the love of Katharine Hollingsworth?"

George hesitated; he was in a dilemma. He did want to marry his dear Katharine, but he also prized the truth. He knew she was worthy of the best he had to give, and, bracing himself up for a valiant answer, he said, "I wish to join the Society for the love of Katharine Hollingsworth."

The Friends consulted and counselled "delay, and that Friend Robinson should be gently, persuasively, and instructively dealt with."

Katharine naturally proved the most successful of teachers in this extremity. In a year George was ready to join the Society as a true convert. We read that "He and Katharine were permitted to begin a long and happy married life together, being," as the



Mrs. Samuel Emlen
(Susan Dillwyn)
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old manuscript says, "for many years an example of Piety and Goodness to those around them, and retaining their Love of Truth and Loyalty to the Society to the last."

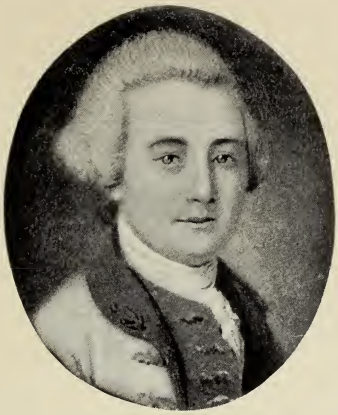
Another Quaker maiden who carried her charms to the Friends' Meeting at Third Haven, near Talbot Court-House, was Sarah Covington, of Somerset County, Maryland, who was seen on her way thither and loved at first sight by two gay young cavaliers, Edward and Philemon Lloyd. According to the story told by Dr. Palmer, the two brothers met at the gate of the fair one's home. "First they swore, then they blushed, and then they laughed loud and long. Phil said, 'Let her be for whichever, you or I, did see her first;' and Ned, the elder and the heir, assented. 'No sooner had I taken my place in the meeting than I beheld the girl and loved her.' And Ned said, 'I passed the night before the meeting at the Peach Blossom farm, and at the foot of the hill, turning into the gate at the watermill, I saw this girl on a pillion behind her father, and they inquired the way to the meeting-house; and I loved her.' Then Phil rode back to Talbot, and Ned dismounted at the gate and led his horse to the porch. Thus in 1703 Sarah Covington became the wife of the heir, and mistress of Wye House."*

* "Certain Worthies and Dames of Old Maryland," by John Williamson Palmer.

From this fair Quakeress were descended many of the beauties of Wye House. A granddaughter of Sarah Covington, Elizabeth Lloyd, married General John Cadwalader, of Philadelphia, a distinguished soldier of the Revolution, and their daughter Maria came back to her mother's native State as the wife of Samuel Ringgold, of Fountain Rock.*

Although the attractions of young Quakeresses have been dwelt upon by many travellers from the early days of the settlement to later times, when beautiful Polly Lawton led captive the hearts of the French officers in Newport, few of them have had their charms perpetuated in portrait or miniature. The rarity of such pictures may be accounted for by the fact that the painting of portraits, large or small, was considered a worldly vanity by many Friends. Some good Quakers, however, during visits to London or Paris indulged in this vanity for the gratification of wives and daughters at home. The costumes in which these worthy gentlemen appeared in their portraits sometimes shocked their Friendly relatives. Samuel Wharton's court-dress of sky-blue satin trimmed with lace was very un-Quakerlike, while Samuel Powel was represented in his miniature in apparel so gay that it excited

* Elizabeth Lloyd Cadwalader died in early matronhood, and General Cadwalader married, secondly, Williamina Bond, who inherited the distinguished beauty of her grandmother, Williamina Moore, of Moore Hall, Pennsylvania.



General John Cadwalader
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Mrs. John Cadwalader
(Elizabeth Lloyd)
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"remark" among Friends, one of whom charitably concluded that "Sammy did not dress like that, but that one of those artists had dressed him up to have his picture taken."

Among the few miniatures of Quaker women that have come down to this generation are those of Susan Emlen and Hannah Morris. Neither of these portraits was painted in early youth; but both reveal a beauty of feature and a charm of expression that in some faces age seems powerless to wither or custom to stale.

Mrs. Emlen was a daughter of Sarah and William Dillwyn and a granddaughter of James Logan, of Stenton, among whose many claims to distinction not the least is that he was long the private secretary and close friend of William Penn. Mrs. Emlen is described as a woman of rare loveliness of character, a worthy helpmeet to her husband, Samuel Emlen, who was an eminent minister of the Society of Friends. Their home was "West Hill," Burlington County, New Jersey.

Mrs. Samuel Morris was so beautiful that she was called the "Rose of Sharon," and although her miniature was not painted until she had passed her sixtieth year, it bears traces of the loveliness for which she was distinguished in early days. A daughter of the first John Cadwalader, and wife of Samuel Morris, vice-president of the Council of Safety, she belonged to a family of Quakers "sufficiently enlightened," to use the words of the family chronicler, "to understand that

they served God best by doing their duty to their country in her hour of need."*

Mrs. Morris seems to have possessed many graces of character as well as of form, among these the domestic virtue of good house-keeping, which dates back to the days of Solomon. She and her husband entertained most hospitably at their country place, which was near the estate of their brother-in-law, Samuel Dickinson, especially during the Yearly Meeting, upon which occasion, says the same pleasant narrator, eighty beds were often prepared for guests, and a stock of a hundred pies and puddings baked.

The miniature of Mrs. Morris was painted for her son, Cadwalader Morris, during his absence in the West Indies.

A miniature of Cadwalader Morris has been preserved among his descendants, and we learn from contemporaneous records that he was not only sufficiently liberal in his views to have his portrait painted, but that he belonged to the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, which did good service during the War of the Revolution. Another portrait of Cadwalader Morris is to be found upon a large canvas by Trumbull, in which he commemorated the resigning of his commission by Washington at Annapolis in 1783.

The wife of Cadwalader Morris was Anne

* Recollections of Mrs. Charles M. Wheatley, a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Samuel Morris.



Cadwalader Morris
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Mrs. Samuel Morris
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Mrs. Cadwalader Morris
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Amos Strettell
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Strettell, who was described as the best educated woman in Philadelphia. Miss Strettell was educated abroad, having lived in London during her early years with a middle-aged bachelor uncle, John Strettell, who was spoken of as an opulent merchant of Lime Street. After Miss Strettell had brought her charms and accomplishments to her native city to lead captive the heart of Cadwalader Morris, Mr. John Strettell married and had two sons. The miniature of one of these sons, Amos Strettell, was sent to his Philadelphia relatives, by whom it is still preserved.

The miniatures of Mrs. Samuel Morris and her son Cadwalader were painted late enough in the century to have been the work of James Peale.

Some curious directions with regard to copying a portrait in miniature of a young wife have been found in a letter from a Maryland gentleman to his son in London. The portrait of the wife, who had recently died, was evidently the work of John Hesselius, and was sent by the father of the lady, the Reverend Henry Addison, of Barnaby Manor, Maryland, to London to be copied, with the following instructions:

"I could wish it to be done by one of the best artists. It is to be set in gold, with a view of being worn suspended by a riband round the neck. The features must be exactly preserved. The artist may exercise his fancy with Respect to the Drapery, which is rather

glaring in the piece he is to copy from. He may be told that the lady, having married, died at twenty-five, and therefore something sombre and funereal in the Drapery might be proper. The dress, I think, ought to be antique, and the hair, which appears powdered, might be darkened and, being somewhat dishevelled, brought obliquely across the breast. The gold frame must bear the following inscription: 'Eleanor Callis, ob. March 26, 1724, æt. 25. *Ah optime si tui obsistas!*'

"You must also send four lockets for ladies to be worn about the neck, with a crystal in each, covering an urn made of the hair I send you herewith, bearing the same inscription, with two plain mourning rings for Mr. Callis and your brother, with an urn covered with crystal and the same inscription."

Fortunately, the artist did not accept the "sombre" suggestions further than to change the pink dress to purple.

A charming miniature from Virginia is that of Jane Grey Wall, who married Thomas Shore, of Petersburg, and was the mother of Mary Louise Shore, who became the wife of Dr. William Shippen, of Philadelphia. Dr. Shippen, who was demonstrator of anatomy at the University of Pennsylvania, was a grandson of Dr. William Shippen, who gave the first lecture on anatomy delivered in America. It was of this Dr. Shippen's "propensity for kissing" that Miss Sarah Eve wrote so naïvely in her diary,—"because, for-



Mrs. Thomas Shore, of Virginia
(Jane Grey Wall)
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sooth, it decomposes the economy of one's handkerchief, it disorders one's high roll, and it ruffles the serenity of one's countenance."

Of lovely Sarah Eve, who was the *fiancée* of Dr. Benjamin Rush, only pen pictures are preserved. She died in 1774 in the flower of her youth and beauty. To prove that she could be grave as well as gay, one who knew her well said of her, when her companions argued from the stateliness of her appearance and the fashionable style in which her hair was always dressed that she was proud, that "there was more humility under Sarah Eve's high head-dress than under many a Quaker bonnet."

CHAPTER II. TWO PIONEERS IN AMERICAN ART

ALTHOUGH Smibert and Blackburn were painting in Boston as early as 1725, Robert Feke in Rhode Island in 1746, John Watson in Philadelphia before 1728, and the Hesseliuses in several of the Colonies before 1763, it was reserved for two young men, born within a year of one another, Benjamin West and John Singleton Copley, to gain a distinct recognition for American art, not only in their own country, but among art patrons of the Old World.

Benjamin West, the youngest of a family of ten children, was born on the 10th of October, 1738, of Quaker parents, the ancestors of his father, John West, having come to Pennsylvania with William Penn at the time of his second visit to the Province.

The small stone house in which Benjamin West first saw the light is still standing. It is in Springfield Township, about five miles north of Chester and near Swarthmore College. The painter was born in the lower room at the southwest corner, and is said to have made his early experiments in portraiture in the garret above that room.

Whether or not there is any truth in the quaint story of young West having pulled the hairs out of the cat's tail to make a brush with

which to paint the face of his sleeping niece, there is no doubt that the materials which he used were of the crudest, and that nothing but a strong inborn love of art and indomitable perseverance carried the future President of the British Royal Academy through the struggles of his early years.

Those who are familiar with the neighborhood of Springfield, in which the Quaker lad spent his childhood, and with the simplicity of rural life in Pennsylvania, can readily credit the tales that have come down to this generation of the persistent efforts and ingenious devices through which he strove to give form to his ideas. We can imagine him escaping from the task of ploughing, to which his father had set him, and in a fence-corner executing rude portraits of a neighboring family with an improvised brush and with the juice of the pokeberry for coloring. Many of the stories told by Galt of Benjamin West's youth are improbable, some of them impossible, while others carry conviction with them. There is no reason to doubt that Mrs. West's indigo pot supplied the young artist with blue, and that friendly Indians who visited the settlements shared with him the red and yellow earth used by them for the decoration of their persons.

One of Benjamin West's biographers says that he made his colors of charcoal and chalk mixed with the juice of berries, these colors being laid on with the hair of a cat drawn through a goose quill, and that "when about

nine years of age he drew on a sheet of paper the portraits of a neighboring family, in which the delineation of each individual was sufficiently accurate to be immediately recognized by his father when the picture was first shown to him. When about twelve years old, he drew a portrait of himself, with his hair hanging loosely about his shoulders." One of the first portraits in oil that the boy saw was one of Mr. Samuel Shoemaker, executed by William Williams, an English painter then working in Philadelphia. The older artist became interested in the boy's ambition to be a painter and loaned him the works of Fresnay and Richardson. Mr. Penington, a Quaker merchant, who visited the home of the Wests, gave Benjamin a box of paints and brushes, several pieces of canvas, and six engravings by Grevling. Thus equipped, he started upon his career. West's earliest patron was Mr. Wayne, the father of General Anthony Wayne, who fancied a half dozen heads in chalk drawn by him and gave him six dollars for them. In relating this experience in after years, when he was living the life of a successful artist in London, West said that he was so much pleased with the large price brought by these early efforts that he then and there decided to adopt art as a profession. Among West's early American portraits are those of Judge and Mrs. William Henry, of Lancaster; of Mr. Peter Bard and Mrs. Dinah Bard, of New Jersey, and of Miss Jenny Galloway, who

afterwards married Joseph Shippen, of Philadelphia.

If Byron wrote, with fine scorn,

> "The dotard West,
> Europe's worst daub, poor England's best,"

there was at least one poet in his own country who sang his praises in no stinted measure. In the *American Magazine*, February, 1758, are some verses upon the portrait of a young lady by Benjamin West, which the editor introduces "with particular pleasure, when we consider that the lady who sat, the painter who guided the pencil, and the poet who so well described the whole are all natives of this place and very young."* Unfortunately, the name of the fair lady is not given, but the writer of the verses, who signs himself "Lovelace," is undoubtedly Francis Hopkinson, who in his riper years was known as one of the most charming writers of his time.

> "The easy attitude, the graceful dress,
> The *soft expression* of the *perfect whole*,
> Both *Guido's* judgment and his skill confess,
> Informing canvas with a living soul,"

wrote Mr. Francis Hopkinson, although most observers find the "living soul" as well as the "easy grace" lacking in West's early work.

* The "place" referred to is Philadelphia, where this earliest of American magazines was published under the title of *American Magazine and Monthly Chronicle for the British Colonies*.

A painting of the young poet's mother, Mrs. Thomas Hopkinson, is one of the best examples of West's American portraiture. Miniatures of Judge Hopkinson and his wife were also executed about the time that West was painting in Pennsylvania. Like most of the American portraits of the period, they are unsigned, but a strong argument in favor of their being by Benjamin West is, that the treatment of the head in the miniature of Mrs. Thomas Hopkinson is similar to that in a well-authenticated portrait of her by West. Some miniatures of Lord and Lady Stirling have been attributed to Benjamin West which are sufficiently stiff and wooden to have been the early work of an untrained hand. If by the Pennsylvania artist, they must have been among his very earliest attempts at portrait painting.

Dr. Smith, provost of the college at Philadelphia; Mr. Kelly, of New York; Mr. Edward Shippen and Mr. William Allen, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Izard, of South Carolina, were among the warm friends and patrons of Benjamin West, while the associates of his early years were Francis Hopkinson, Thomas Godfrey, Jacob Duché, and William White, afterwards Bishop of Pennsylvania. Charles Willson Peale in his diary says that it was Mr. Allen and Mr. Izard who invited Benjamin West to accompany them upon a trip to Italy. This invitation opened up rare opportunities to the young artist, who not only enjoyed the advantage of studying the great works of the



Judge and Mrs. Thomas Hopkinson
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Mrs. Henry Pratt (Rebecca Claypoole)
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past, but, in consequence of his letters of introduction to Lord Grantham and others, met many persons of distinction in art, literature, and social life.

Benjamin West had begun to use his brush without having learned to draw, and the Italians said of him, "He came from we know not where, and he paints we know not how." He afterwards went to Leghorn and took some lessons in color from Mengs, one of the greatest colorists of his time. Mr. Allen was always a warm friend of the young artist, and helped him with money more than once when he was in dire straits. Mr. Peale describes West as a handsome man with attractive manners, a great favorite with ladies. In Italy he met Angelica Kauffmann, whose beauty, talent, and the story of her romantic love affair with Sir Joshua Reynolds combined to render her one of the most interesting figures of her time.

West studied several years in Italy. One of the anecdotes related of him while in Rome, is that during his master's absence from his studio he slyly painted a fly on the canvas upon which the artist was engaged. The master came in, resumed his work, and made several attempts to brush away the fly. At last he exclaimed, "Ah! it is that American."

Although Benjamin West executed some portraits in Philadelphia which are fairly good, in view of his youth and the limited opportunities for study which he had enjoyed, his great success as an artist came to him in London.

Some of the tales told of the aspirations and struggles of the Quaker lad who was determined to be a great painter may have helped to awaken an interest in West's work when he first established himself in London, and thus contributed to his speedy success. Its continuance was due to the young artist's industry, ability, and fortunate choice of subjects. "England at that time possessed no leading historical painter," says Mr. Cunningham. "He [Benjamin West] was introduced to Reynolds, and a letter from Mengs made him acquainted with Wilson. Intercourse with artists and an examination of their works awakened his ambition. He consulted no one, but took chambers in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, and set up his easel. When his determination was known, his brethren in art came round him in a body, welcomed him with much cordiality, and encouraged him to continue his career as an historical painter. Reynolds was devoted to portraits; Hogarth on the brink of the grave; Barry engaged in controversies in Rome; Wilson neglected; Gainsborough's excellence lay in landscape;* and the prudent

* Allan Cunningham seems to have overlooked the fact that Thomas Gainsborough painted even more portraits than landscapes. According to a recent estimate of his work, of the several hundred paintings executed by him more than one-half were portraits, among them some of the most beautiful in England, notably those of the Countess of Sussex, Mrs. Siddons, and the Hon. Mrs. Graham.

American saw that he had a fair field and no opponents."*

One of the first, if not the very first, of West's English paintings was a scene from the story of Pylades and Orestes, which, says one of the artist's biographers, attracted so much attention that his servant was employed from morning until night opening the door to visitors. He received a considerable sum of money for showing the picture, while the poor artist who had painted it had to content himself with empty praise. This picture was followed by "Angelica and Medoro," "Hector and Andromache," and a number of paintings from mythological scenes, which were succeeded by a series of representations of events from English history. These latter were painted under royal patronage, as were the large sacred paintings by which Benjamin West is best known in his own country, the most celebrated of which is "Christ Healing the Sick." This work, executed when the artist had passed his sixtieth year, was designed for the Pennsylvania Hospital. When exhibited in London, it attracted much attention, and was purchased by the British Institution for three thousand guineas. The artist was given permission to paint a replica for the hospital. The suggestion that the picture of "Christ Healing the Sick" should be given

* Cunningham's "Lives of Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," vol. ii. page 28.

to the Pennsylvania Hospital is said to have come from Mr. Joseph Wharton, a friend of Mr. West's, who was much in his company in London.

Mr. Wharton was certainly deeply interested in this project, and actively corresponded with the artist on the subject of the removal of the painting. A short time before his death he wrote to Mr. West of the preparations that were being made for the reception of the picture by Mr. Samuel Coates, Mr. Sully, the artist, and himself. Mr. Wharton did not live to see the painting reach its destination. In a letter written to his daughter, Mrs. Jonathan Robeson, soon after her father's death, dated London, No. 14 Newman Street, Oxford Street, August 5, 1817, Mr. West says, after expressing his sympathy with Mrs. Robeson upon the death of her father:

"By the same conveyance which this letter goes to you, in Philadelphia by the ship Electra, Capt. Williams: I send the Picture of our Saviour receiving the Sick and Blind in the Temple to Heal them, for the Pennsylvania Hospital: what a real joy would this occurrence have afforded your venerable Father; it being a work in one of the branches of the Fine Arts in which he took so lively an interest; and for which I have in my Paper of Instructions to the President and Managers of the Hospital Registered his name—Nathaniel Falcknor's with my own, and that of Mrs.

West, All mutual friends and Natives of Pennsylvania. These Names I always held in mind should be transmitted to subsequent ages with that Picture, for the lively interest they had for its being placed in the Pennsylvania Hospital.

"With this letter I inclose a Medal, of one in copper your Father did me the honor to accept—and the present one is finished in a tasteful stile most fit for a Lady—and which I request you will honour me by giving it a place in your possession as a Token of that great respect for the Daughter of my friend Joseph Wharton, which this Medal will stand as a lasting Pledge amongst his Relatives, for my sincerity.

"And be assured My dear Madam, that I am most truely

"your greatly obliged

"BENJAMIN WEST.

"MRS. SARAH ROBESON."

The story of the Quaker boy who had begun life in a farm-house in Pennsylvania rising to eminence in his chosen profession, painting noble and royal ladies and gentlemen, and becoming the associate of the great and learned men of Great Britain and finally President of the Royal Academy, reads to-day like a fairy tale. According to all the canons of fairyland he should have married a princess clothed in silver gauze with gold slippers upon her feet. If, as we know, West failed to do this, his

courtship was not lacking in romance, as the lady of his love ran away from a stern guardian and went to England to meet and marry her true lover like a royal bride.

An account of the elopement of Benjamin West's bride, as related by Bishop White,* one of the actors in the little drama, has been preserved by one of Miss Shewell's American relatives, Mr. Thomas Shewell, of Bristol, Pennsylvania.

"Before the departure of Benjamin West for Italy," Mr. Thomas F. Shewell says, "some love passages had taken place between the young people, for the merchant brother, Stephen Shewell, who was a very proud man, took a violent prejudice against Mr. West on his sister's account, calling him a 'pauper,' an 'object of charity,' etc.

"West remained two years in Italy, much to his advantage. As he was returning home through England in 1763, the King saw some of his paintings, which he much admired,

* The Reverend William White, first Bishop of the American Episcopal Church, consecrated in Lambeth Palace, England, February 4, 1787.

Born in 1747, young White was a lad of seventeen when he assisted at the elopement of Miss Shewell. A miniature portrait painted by Charles Willson Peale represents the future dignitary of the Church in powdered wig, a gay blue coat with a scarlet collar, and pale blue waistcoat. This miniature is said to have been painted before William White went to England in 1772 to be ordained. If this is the case, it is one of Charles Willson Peale's earliest miniatures.



The Right Reverend William White
By Charles Willson Peale
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Admiral, Lord Rodney
By John Singleton Copley
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and appointed him his painter and was his warm friend through life. Leigh Hunt, whose mother was a niece of Mrs. West, says that it was 'well known that this artist enjoyed the confidence of his Majesty in no ordinary degree,' and describes their having had much pleasant conversation during the King's prolonged sittings.*

"Mr. West, not being able to leave England after his appointment, wrote to Miss Shewell that his father was coming to visit him in London, and would sail by a certain brig; that if she would accompany him with her maid, they would be married on arrival, as they had been secretly engaged ever since his departure for Italy. Her brother got hold of this letter and locked her up in his room until the vessel should depart.

"As soon as this state of things became known to those friends of West who had advised him to go to Italy, they determined, in

* Mary Shewell, daughter of Stephen Shewell, of Philadelphia, met Isaac Hunt while he was studying at the College of Philadelphia, married him, and went to England to live. Leigh Hunt says that his parents resided some time under the hospitable roof of the Wests. He says that his mother and his great-aunt, Mrs. Benjamin West, were about the same age and very congenial, both being devoted to books. The poet describes his mother, whom he adored, as a brunette with fine eyes, a tall, lady-like person, with hair blacker than is seen in English growth. It was supposed that Anglo-Americans had already begun to exhibit the influence of climate in their appearance.—"Autobiography of Leigh Hunt," vol. i. p. 29.

the Bishop's words, 'that Ben should have his wife;' sending to Miss Shewell by her maid, concealed under her dress, a rope ladder, with a note saying that they would cause the vessel to drop down to Chester, sixteen miles, to obviate suspicion, and that on a given evening they would have a carriage round the corner at eleven o'clock at night, and if she could use the ladder to reach the ground they would safely convey her to Chester and put her on board the vessel. She got to the ground safely, and with her maid got into the carriage with two of the gentlemen, the other outside with the driver. The party did not reach the vessel until daylight (the roads were so bad). She safely arrived in London and was married."

Mr. Shewell says that Bishop White related this story during one of his last diocesan visitations, about 1833, and at the house of Dr. Joseph Swift, a cousin of Mrs. Benjamin West. During the whole course of the story the venerable Bishop spoke with great animation, and seemed to relish the adventure, saying, "Ben deserved a good wife, and, old as I am, I am ready to do it again for two such worthy people." The other friends of West who assisted to smooth the rugged course of true love were Benjamin Franklin, then fifty-six years old, and Francis Hopkinson, who was about twenty-one.

Mrs. Clement and other authorities speak of Matthew Pratt as having accompanied Miss Shewell upon her voyage to England. Bishop White does not mention Pratt as one of her escort, nor does the family narrator, Mr. Thomas F. Shewell. There is, however, no reason to doubt the statement that Matthew Pratt accompanied the bride-elect and that he gave her away at the wedding, which took place September 2, 1764, at St. Martin's-in-the-Strand, as the Pratts were family connections of Miss Shewell, and we know that Matthew went to England in 1764.

While Benjamin West was dreaming dreams and painting pictures in Pennsylvania, and making a name for himself abroad, a still more remarkable artistic development was taking place in Boston. In the bare studios of Smibert, Blackburn, and Pelham, a boy destined to be far more distinguished than his teachers was making his first essay at limning "the human face divine." That Peter Pelham, an Englishman, who combined the vocations of painter, mezzotint engraver, and school teacher, made some impression upon the artistic faculties of his stepson, John Singleton Copley, is proved by the fact that the latter at sixteen engraved a portrait of the Rev. William Welsteed, of Boston, which Mr. Whitmore says "bears so plainly the mark of Pelham's style that we may be sure that it was to his stepfather that Copley owed much valuable

rudimentary instruction,"* in which opinion the artist's biographer, Mr. Augustus Thorndyke Perkins, agrees. Young Copley did not stop long at engraving, as a portrait in oils of Dr. De Mountfort when a child, bearing the same date as the early engraving, is still extant.

Mr. Perkins thinks that Copley owed much of the excellence of his earlier work to the influence of Blackburn, especially in his drapery and detail in dress. He says that Blackburn's drapery is as good as Copley's, especially his white satins, and that both artists were in the habit of using as the lining of a dress, or as a drapery, a certain shade of mauve pink, which the older artist used feebly, while Copley dashed it in with the hand of a master. Mr. Perkins refers to the fine pictures of Joseph Allen and his wife and to those of the Cunningham family as excellent examples of the work of Blackburn.

From these and other portraits, known to have been in Boston prior to 1772, it is evident that Copley had the advantage of studying more paintings than Benjamin West, as well as of better early instruction. That he profited by the advantages afforded him, a number of portraits painted before he left Boston fully

* Mr. Charles H. Hart says that this engraving, made in 1753, signed "J. S. Copley, *pinxit et fecit*," was printed for and sold by Stephen Whiting, at Ye Rose and Acorn, in Union Street, Boston.

attest. Whatever may be said in disparagement of Copley's style,—and his warmest admirers are willing to admit that, with a certain charm of individuality that his portraits possess, many of them lack warmth, feeling, grace, and sentiment,—there are, even among his earlier portraits, a number which do not exhibit these shortcomings in any marked degree. Among the best examples of the artist's American work are the portraits of Lady Wentworth, Mrs. Samuel Allyne Otis, and Mrs. Edward Perkins, of Boston, the two former representing the beauty of youth, the latter the thoughtful charm of old age. In his treatment of materials and his arrangement of draperies, Copley was especially happy. His women, veritable *grandes dames* whether living in England or in America, are habited in genuine satins, brocades, and laces, which they wear with a dignity that becomes their high estate.

In 1754 an ambitious attempt at allegorical painting engaged the brush of Copley, which foreshadowed his later essays at allegorical and historical painting in England, such as the large canvases representing "The Red Cross Knight," "Holiness, Faith, and Hope," which virtues are represented by the artist's children in their early youth, "Charles I. signing the Death-Warrant of Strafford," "The Siege of Gibraltar," "The Death of Lord Chatham," and "The Three Princesses." Several of Copley's large canvases are at the Art Museum in Boston: the celebrated picture of "A

Youth Rescued from a Shark;"* "Speaker Lenthall delivering himself of his celebrated period when refusing to comply with the demand of King Charles, 'I have, Sire, neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me whose servant I am here,'" etc. This picture, which is considered an excellent example of the artist's work in composition, characterization, and conception, is the one that drew from staunch Queen Charlotte the severe criticism, "You have chosen, Mr. Copley, a most unfortunate subject for the exercise of your pencil."

"It is," says one of Copley's biographers, "rather an interesting coincidence that Mr. Copley should have painted this Puritan picture in 1791, when Puritanism was not popular in England, and that it should have been transferred from the gallery of a Tory Chancellor to decorate the free library of a city founded by the Puritans who that day met and foiled their King." This picture was some years since presented to the Boston Public Library, while

* The youth in the painting is Brook Watson, afterwards Lord Mayor of London. He crossed the Atlantic with Mr. Copley in 1774. Mr. Watson, then a man in the prime of life, related to the artist the remarkable circumstance of his rescue from the jaws of a shark when a boy of fourteen. The graphic recital made so strong an impression upon Copley's mind that he painted the celebrated picture of "A Youth Rescued from a Shark" from his recollection of Mr. Watson's description of the scene.

another canvas now in Boston is the charming "Family Picture."

Although Copley's best work, and that to which he now owes his high position in the history and development of American art, is in the line of portrait painting, he early and late executed some miniatures. An interesting miniature, painted about 1770, is that of James Bowdoin, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts, who distinguished himself by the ability and courage which he showed in suppressing Shays's Rebellion. Governor Bowdoin's daughter Elizabeth, who married Sir John Temple, Bart., was one of the beauties of the first administration. Her noble and attractive face has come down to this generation in a crayon portrait by Copley. He also painted miniatures of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cary and of his half-brother, Henry Pelham, who is the boy in the celebrated picture of "The Boy and the Flying Squirrel," which first brought the artist into notice.* Another

* "Henry Pelham's name appears in the Catalogue of the Royal Academy of 1778 as an exhibitor of the following works: 'The Finding of Moses,' 'A Portrait of a Lady,' in miniature, 'A Portrait of a Gentleman,' also in miniature; again the next year, of 'A Frame with four Miniatures, two in water-color, two in enamel,'—all beautifully painted. A particularly interesting character in his youth, handsome and talented to a rare degree, Pelham subsequently went to Ireland and became agent for Lord Lansdowne's estates in that country; there he married, as we learn by Mr. Singleton's letter, a Miss Butler, by whom he had twin

example of Copley's miniature work is a fine portrait of Sir John St. Clair, now owned by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. He also painted a miniature of George Brydges, Lord Rodney,* a distinguished naval commander in the English service. Rodney served under Admiral Boscawen at the taking of Louisburg, commanded at the successful bombardment of Havre and at the reduction of Martinique, after which he was, in 1762, promoted to the rank of vice-admiral, and created a baronet in 1764. For his victory gained in 1782 over the Comte de Grasse, Rodney was

sons. The family letters give some later information about him. He abandoned painting to his more persevering and gifted brother. Of one of his sons we know nothing, but, according to Mrs. Copley, the other received an appointment under the British Crown early in this century in the West Indies, where he died soon after his arrival."—"John Singleton Copley, His Domestic and Artistic Life," by Martha Babcock Amory.

* The Rodney family which settled in Delaware was descended from an ancestor of Lord Rodney. William Rodney, who came to America in 1682, was the son of William Rodney, who married Alice Cæsar, daughter of Sir Thomas Cæsar, Baron of the Exchequer. Edward, George, and William (who married Alice Cæsar) were brothers. Edward broke the entail in favor of his daughters, and his family is now represented by the Duke of Buckingham. George was the ancestor of Admiral Rodney and of the present Lord Rodney. William's son William came to America and became the ancestor of the Delaware Rodneys, which family numbered among its members Cæsar Rodney, a signer of the Declaration, member of the Continental Congress, and President of his native State.

raised to the peerage and granted a pension of two thousand pounds per annum.

A miniature of an American beauty, which Copley probably painted in England, is that of Miss Eliza Hunter, of Newport, as she and her sister were abroad in 1784. This lady, who, like Miss Peggy Champlin, was a great belle among the French officers in Newport, never married. Her sisters, Katharine and Ann, married abroad. Ann married John Falconnet, a Swiss banker, and Katharine, whose lovely miniature is still preserved in the family, became the wife of the Count de Carignan.

Copley, like Benjamin West, was most fortunate in his marriage. His wife was Susannah Farnum, daughter of Richard Clarke, a wealthy merchant of Boston. Mrs. Copley was descended through her mother, Elizabeth Winslow, from Mary Chilton, the first woman who stepped from the Mayflower upon the New England shore. Mrs. Amory, a granddaughter of this couple, says that Mrs. Copley "possessed much personal loveliness, especially the high forehead and finely arched brow so dear to the artist. Her character was in harmony with her person. She appears to have been one of those rare women in whom the moral and mental qualities, joined to deep sensibility, are so nicely balanced that they exert the happiest influence over the home circle, cheering and enlivening without dazzling it.

"The tie between the artist and his wife was peculiarly close. We constantly meet her

familiar lineaments through the whole course of Copley's works,—now Mary by the manger, with the divine Infant at her breast, in 'The Nativity;' again in 'The Family Picture,' his *chef d'œuvre* in portraiture."

A charming portrait of Mrs. Copley is the one to be found in this latter picture, which, being a large canvas, exhibits some of Copley's best composition, and possesses, as Mrs. Amory says, a warmth and beauty of sentiment, especially in the mother and children, of which no mere description can give any adequate idea.

Unlike most young artists, Copley, in consequence of his rapid success, and perhaps through the generosity of his father-in-law, was able to indulge his taste for elegant surroundings. John Trumbull, who visited the artist in his home in 1772, wrote: "His house was on the Common, where Mr. Sears's elegant granite *palazzo* now stands. A mutual friend of Mr. Copley and my brother, Mr. James Lovell, went with us to introduce us. We found Mr. Copley dressed to receive a party of friends at dinner. I remember his dress and appearance,—an elegant-looking man, dressed in a fine maroon cloth with gilt buttons—this was dazzling to my unpracticed eye!—But his paintings, the first I had ever seen deserving the name, riveted, absorbed, my attention, and renewed all my desire to enter upon such a pursuit."

Copley may have derived his love of color,

rich textures, and handsome appointments from some English ancestor, or perhaps he owed these tastes to some French strain in his blood. There was little in the New England life of that day to encourage a love of beauty or grace, yet this hard-working, painstaking artist, in this uncongenial atmosphere, developed a side of his nature that turned to the beautiful as flowers turn towards the sun. The restraints and limitations of the life around him must have pressed hard against the exuberance of his artistic nature; and in old age, when recalling the scenes of his youth, Copley would ask Americans whom he met whether "more liberty of conscience than of limb was still permitted in New England," relating to his amused auditors his own experience of being taken in custody by one of the "selectmen" of Boston for breaking the Sabbath to the extent of taking a stroll into the country on a fine Sunday morning in the spring. Of her grandfather's inborn love of beauty in dress and surroundings Mrs. Amory writes:

"It seemed as if the eye of the master delighted to dwell on the rich draperies and soft laces he so well knew how to bring out on his canvas, and which he thoroughly studied in all their combinations and arrangements. The beautiful costumes which we admire to-day in some of the stately portraits of our grandmothers' times were the result of his combined taste and study. He had theories and principles about female attire that were carried

out with a scrupulous elaboration whose effect heightened the charm of the picture. The rose, the jewel in the hair, the string of pearls around the throat, were no accidental arrangements, but according to principles of taste, which he thoroughly understood. The hair, ornamented in harmony with the full dress of the period; the fall of lace, shading the roundness and curve of the arm, were perhaps unimportant details in themselves, but conducing by their nice adjustment to the harmonious effect of the composition. Added to these, he delighted to place his subject among kindred scenes; sometimes we catch a glimpse in the distance of garden or mansion, or at others of the fountain and the grove, the squirrel,—that favorite of his brush,—the bird, and the spaniel,—all treated with equal grace and felicity. His male portraits have a severer dignity and gravity, as beseemed the sex. Happily for his taste, rich and brilliant velvets, satins and embroidery, point-lace cuffs and frills, had not in his day been forced to yield to broadcloth and beaver. The art of the coiffeur and the dignity of powder and wig—even *rouge*, it is whispered—left their trace on some of the statelier forms of the Colonial Court. At that epoch the love of dress was not accounted a weakness and confined to the female sex; we have only to consult the pages of the gossiping Boswell to learn, among other instances, the emotions of pride and pleasure with which the heart of the genial Goldsmith

swelled beneath the folds of his peach-bloom velvets."

In writing to his wife from Genoa in 1774, Mr. Copley reveals not only the taste for rich materials of which Mrs. Amory speaks, but also an exceedingly practical turn of mind and an almost feminine delight in securing a bargain in foreign silks and velvets.

"I judged it best," he says, "to take advantage of so good an opportunity, and purchased a suit of clothes for the winter which I can send to Rome conveniently from here. Perhaps it may amuse you should I inform you what I have bought. I will tell you, then. I have as much black velvet as will make a suit of clothes. For this I gave about five guineas, and about two more for as much crimson satin as will line it. This is the taste throughout Tuscany; and to-day I bought some lace ruffles and silk stockings.

"I cannot but wonder how cheap silks are in this city; the velvet and satin, for which I gave seven guineas, would have cost fourteen in London. . . . You see how I spend my money, but it is necessary to attend to dress and not unpleasing when business does not interfere. I hope ere long to see some returns for the money I now spend.

"I believe you will think I have become a 'beau' to dress in so rich a suit of clothes, and truly I am a little tinctured; but you must remember that you thought I was too careless about my dress. I wish to reform

from all my errors, and particularly from those that are the most painful to you. I have your happiness so much at heart, I would do anything to give you pleasure."

Mrs. Copley did not accompany her husband when he went abroad to study in 1774, but set sail the following year with her little family. Her father, Mr. Richard Clarke, "whose tea," as Mr. Perkins remarks, "had so recently been mixed with the water of Boston harbor," was one of the party.

Although John Singleton Copley was the senior of Benjamin West by one year, the younger artist was, in consequence of his rapid success and influential circle of friends, in a position to help his compatriot when he reached London. This aid West promptly bestowed, a royal generosity of nature being a distinguishing trait of the Quaker painter. No brother artist—no American, indeed—failed to meet with a warm welcome from the Wests. Francis Hopkinson, in his letters to his family written from London, gives charming pictures of the artist's home, presided over by lovely, gracious Mrs. West, who was always American at heart, although she was destined never again to behold her native land. Gilbert Stuart, in speaking to Mr. Charles Fraser, of Charleston, of the manner in which he had been received by West, said that he was welcomed with true benevolence, encouraged, and taken into the family of his master, and that nothing could exceed the attentions of

the artist to him; "they were," he said, "paternal."

One of the most interesting descriptions of the Wests in England is to be found in the diary of Mr. Samuel Shoemaker, a prominent Philadelphia loyalist. Mr. Shoemaker's notes were made for the entertainment of his wife, who remained in America, and their personal and naïve character add to their interest. Mr. Shoemaker had, upon the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, accompanied the army to New York, whence he sailed for England in 1783. Under the circumstances, it is not remarkable that the American gentleman was received by George III. with what he considered great distinction. Of this interview with the King, Mr. Shoemaker writes:

"This morning at eight o'clock my son accompanied B. West's wife to the King's Chappel, where he had the opportunity of seeing the King and several of the Princesses. They returned before nine, when we were entertained with breakfast, at which we had the Company of Mr. Poggy,* the Italian Gentleman, Mr. Trumble,† Mr. Farrington, and

* Antonio di Poggi, an Italian artist. Mr. Trumbull met Di Poggi in London in 1785 and speaks of him as an artist and draughtsman of superior talents, who had recently commenced the business of publishing. He afterwards engraved a number of Trumbull's paintings.

† This is Colonel John Trumbull, the artist, who was studying with Benjamin West, as was Mr. Farrington, a distinguished landscape painter.

West's two sons. About ten my son accompanied Farrington, Trumble, and West's eldest son in a Ride through Windsor Forrest, having first been with West and I to his Room in the Castle to see a picture of the Lord's Supper which he had just finished for the King's Chappel. After part of our Company were gone to take their ride, West informed me that the King had ordered him to attend at his Painting Room in the Castle at one o'clock, when the King and Queen and some of the Princesses, on their return from Chappel, intended to call to see the Painting of the Lord's Supper which he had just finished, and West told me it would be a very proper time and Opportunity for me to see the King, Queen, and the rest of the family, as they came from the Chappel, and therefore requested me to accompany him and his wife and the Italian Gentleman, and walk at the Castle near the Chappel till service was over, when he must repair to his room to attend the King, and would leave me with his wife in a proper station to have a full view of the King and family. . . .

"Accordingly, a little before one o'clock, West and his wife, the Italian Gentleman, and I walked up to the Castle and there continued walking about till the clock struck One, when we observed one of the Pages coming from the Chappel. West then said he must leave us; presently after this two coaches passed and went round towards the door of the

Castle leading to West's room. In these two coaches were the Queen and Princesses; presently after the King appeared, attended by his Equery only, and walked in great haste, almost ran, to meet the coaches at the door of the Castle above mentioned, which he reached just as the coaches got there, as did West's wife, the Italian Gentleman, and I, when we saw the King go to the door of the Coach in which the Queen was, and heard him say, 'I have got here in time,' and then handed the Queen out and up the steps, into the Castle—the Princess Royal, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Mary, and Princess Sophia, with Colonel Goldsworthy, the King's Equery, the Hanoverian Resident, and Miss Goldsworthy, sub Governess to the two young Princesses, followed. They all went into the Castle, when I heard the King say, 'tell him to come in,' but little did I think I was the Person meant, and West's wife, the Italian Gentleman, and I were about going off, when West came out of the Castle and told me the King had ordered him to come out and bring me and Mrs. West in. . . . Flattered and embarrassed thou may suppose, on my entering the room, the King came up close to me, and very graciously said, 'Mr. S., you are well known here, everybody knows you,' etc. (complimentary, which I can't mention). He then turned to the Queen, the Princesses, etc., who stood close by, and repeated, 'Mr. S.' I then made my bow to the Queen, then to the Princess Royal, to the

Princess Eliza., Princesses Mary and Sophia. The Queen and each of the Princesses were pleased to drop a Courtesy, and then the Queen was pleased to ask me one or two Questions. . . .

"After being," as he says, "graciously indulged with the opportunity of conversing with the King and Queen, and being in the same room with them three quarters of an hour," Mr. Shoemaker came to the conclusion that the Queen was "a charming woman, and if not a beauty, her manners and disposition are so pleasing that no Person who has the Opportunity that I have had can avoid being charm'd with the sweetness of her disposition."

Mr. Shoemaker pronounced the King "a man of great benevolence, without one grain of tyranny in his composition," in which opinion he was probably seconded by the Wests, as George III. had always been a warm friend of the artist. The royal function being over, Mr. Shoemaker returned to the Wests' home, where he was "entertained with a genteel Dinner."

Charles R. Leslie was much in Mr. West's studio when in London, and had the benefit of the criticism of the veteran artist, copied some of his pictures, and heard him lecture. In one of his letters to his sister he speaks of copying West's "Arethusa Bathing," and of painting the artist's portrait. In another letter he describes the ceremonies attending the burial of Benjamin West:

"I suppose you will have received the account that was published in the papers of the funeral of Mr. West. It was arranged, I believe, exactly on the plan of that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. An apartment on the ground floor of the Academy was hung and carpeted with black, the daylight entirely excluded, and the room lighted by a number of tall, wax candles, placed at regular distances on the floor, around the coffin, which was covered by a pall and lid of black feathers. Against the wall, at the head of the corpse, hung the hatchment bearing the family arms. No one remained in the room excepting Robert, Mr. West's old servant, who had sat up there all the preceding night. My feelings were greatly affected by this scene. The company who were to attend the funeral assembled in a large upper room, where they were provided with black silk scarfs and hatbands, the Academicians wearing long black cloaks. It was interesting to see persons of different ranks and of different sentiments meeting on this occasion and uniting in the last tribute of respect to a man of genius. The service was performed by Dr. Wellesley, brother to the Duke of Wellington. In one part of it a very beautiful anthem was sung by the boys of the choir. . . . When the service was finished I went down into the crypt beneath the church and saw the coffin lowered into the grave. I was not aware at the time that the tombs of Sir Joshua, Opie,

and Barry, and Sir Christopher Wren, were all near the same place. The crowd of persons assembled covered them."

More touching even than these impressive tributes to the venerable American artist were the simple words spoken by his servant to Constable, who called at Benjamin West's house the day after his death. "Ah, sir! where will they go now?" said he, referring to the younger artists, to whom the studio of the master had always been open, and at whose table there were always a cover and a welcome.

Matthew Pratt, a Philadelphia artist of considerable ability, was four years the senior of Benjamin West, although he did not come into notice until some time after the latter had won distinction abroad.*

Matthew Pratt has recorded of himself that his early inclination for drawing was fostered by his mother's brother, James Claypoole, to whom he was apprenticed at the age of fifteen and from whom, he says, "I learned all the different branches of the painting business, particularly portrait painting, which was my favorite study from ten years of age." †

* Matthew Pratt, through his mother, belonged to the Claypoole family of Philadelphia, which has so frequently and erroneously been spoken of as descended from Oliver Cromwell. The American Claypooles are descended from James Claypoole, who came to Pennsylvania in 1683, whose brother John married Elizabeth Cromwell, the much loved daughter of the stern leader of the great English rebellion.

† Dunlap's "History of the Arts of Design."

An attractive miniature of Rebecca Claypoole Pratt, the mother of Matthew Pratt, is preserved by a member of the family. The subject of this miniature was born in 1711, and the rounded, youthful appearance of the face precludes any supposition that it was painted by Matthew Pratt, whose work belongs to a later period than that in which his mother's miniature was executed. It may have been the work of some early Philadelphia painter, or of some artist who visited that city, as Mrs. Pratt was never abroad. This miniature, which affords an interesting example of Colonial art, may have been painted by Rebecca Pratt's brother, James Claypoole, who, as Mr. Charles Henry Hart says, "could have been no mean painter to have trained Matthew Pratt so well." Of James Claypoole as an artist we know little. He is spoken of as "limner and painter in general." Dunlap says that he was painting in Philadelphia in 1756.* That he was a man greatly respected in the community may be gathered from the fact that he held the office of Sheriff of Philadelphia for some years.

Matthew Pratt was abroad twice, once in 1764 and again in 1778, when he made a short visit to Ireland and painted a full-length portrait of Archdeacon Mann, of Dublin, in

* Mr. Peale states in his diary that James Claypoole left Philadelphia with the intention of joining Benjamin West in London, and that he stopped at Jamaica, where he spent the remainder of his days.

his robes. During Mr. Pratt's first visit to England, he studied for more than a year with Benjamin West. It may have been during this time that he executed his picture of "The London School of Artists," or "The American School," as it is now called, which represents West surrounded by his pupils, Matthew Pratt among them. "This picture," says Mr. Thomas Sully, "was so well executed that I have always thought it was a copy from West."

Edward Edwards in his "Anecdotes of Painters" says of Pratt: "He came to London in the year 1764 and stayed here about two years, during which time he resided chiefly with his countryman, Mr. West. In 1765 he was an exhibitor at the room in Spring-garden, and again in the year following. The last picture which he exhibited was entitled 'The American School.' It consisted of small whole-length figures, which were the portraits of himself, Mr. West, and some others of their countrymen, whose names are unknown to the author."

"The picture," says Mr. Hart, "is extremely well executed, and shows the precision of no tyro hand. The arrangement is good and the color harmonious and delicately handled. Pratt's own figure seems somewhat out of proportion, which is easily accounted for by the difficulty of painting one's self; but the middle group of the two boys at the table with the antique bust before them and arras background is a charming bit of work. When we

recall that this picture was painted one hundred and thirty years ago by an American who had had less than a year's study in London, we think we are justified not only in calling it 'a very remarkable picture,' but in claiming for it a high place in art and in the history of American art."*

From London Mr. Pratt went to Bristol, where he painted for eighteen months, when he returned to Philadelphia and established himself as a portrait painter.

Matthew Pratt's biographer claims for him the distinction of having painted the earliest of the numerous portraits of Benjamin Franklin. Among his later portraits are those of James Hamilton, of Philadelphia, and Cadwallader Colden, of New York. For this latter portrait, which was ordered for the Chamber of Commerce, the artist received thirty-seven pounds, a large sum in those days. Matthew Pratt also painted a portrait of himself, which is not only well done, but represents him as a singularly handsome man.

A curious commentary upon American art at this period is to be found in the fact that Matthew Pratt was better known as the painter of some very excellent signs than as a portrait painter. Of these signs, many of which showed the hand of a true artist, Mr.

* Through the generosity of Mr. S. P. Avery, of New York, this painting of "The American School" has been placed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Dunlap says: "Amongst these, perhaps the best was a representation of a cock in a barn-yard, which for many years graced a beer-house in Spruce-Street; the execution of this was so fine, and the expression of nature so exactly copied, that it was evident to the most casual observer that it was painted by the hand of a master. Most of our old citizens recollect the sign of the grand Convention of 1788,* which was the first raised at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets. On this piece Mr. Pratt gave portraits of most of the distinguished men assembled on that occasion, and for some time the streets were filled with crowds occupied in identifying likenesses."

Mr. Peale in his recollections says: "Pratt was in New York in the early months of the Revolution, and among other sketches made some of the fortifications put up by the British. He was observed while making these sketches and arrested for a spy. He pleaded innocence, and from his diary, which was found upon him, it was proved that he was an artist and that his sketches were in the cause of art. He was, of course, released."

When Copley arrived in London, he, following in the footsteps of Benjamin West, devoted his time to large historical and allegorical work, although his talent, unlike West's, lay in the domain of individual portraiture. It seemed as

* Mr. Dunlap evidently refers to the Convention of 1787, when the Constitution of the United States was framed.

if Copley, who was a practical genius, turned his attention to the work for which there was the greatest demand. Mrs. Amory records that he often said, after his arrival in England, that he could not surpass some of his earlier paintings. Among the most beautiful of these is a large canvas of Colonel and Mrs. Lee, dated 1769, which belonged to the Tracy family, of Newburyport, and afterwards to General W. R. Lee, of Roxbury, Mass. A portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Izard, of South Carolina, which was painted by Copley in Rome in 1774, is another good example of his earlier work.

The careers of Benjamin West and John Singleton Copley have been thus fully dwelt upon in this brief review of Colonial art because they were so truly pioneers in American painting, gaining for it a place in the galleries of the Old World, and by their success leading others to enter the same field.* Whatever criticism may be made upon the paintings of these two artists, none can fail to admire the native enthusiasm, the persistency, the patience, the faith in the ultimate triumph of art, and also, what is equally important, the faith in themselves, of these early American artists. It required no small amount of courage to adopt for their life-work a career that was looked upon then, and has been in much later

* Charles Willson Peale, John Trumbull, Gilbert Stuart, and Joseph Wright all studied with Benjamin West in London.

days regarded, as an elegant accomplishment, the amusement of a leisure hour, rather than as a serious profession. In proof of the small encouragement given to art as a profession, we find Halpine, who painted in Newport in 1773, advertising himself as a portrait, herald, and sign painter, while Smibert, who began life as a house painter, executed coats-of-arms as well as likenesses. Samuel King, who instructed both Allston and Malbone, made and sold mathematical instruments when not occupied with sitters, while in a Philadelphia paper, some years later, we find the following composite advertisement:

"MINIATURE PAINTING.

"By John Walters, who is removed to the Home of Mr. Mason, Upholsterer, in Chestnut between Front and Second-Streets.

"The attention the subscriber has always paid to his employees, the proficiency he has attained in the art he professes, joined to his (really) moderate charge, he hopes will procure him a continuance of the favors of the Public. His price is from 3 dollars to one guinea. Hair work faithfully done in the most elegant manner, at a reasonable rate; lockets, rings, hair-pins, and other articles in the jewelry way, at a much lower rate than those imported.

"JOHN WALTERS." *

* *The Pennsylvania Packet and General Advertiser*, Tuesday, July 20, 1784.



Mrs. John Craig
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It is to be regretted that such American artists as Benjamin West and John Singleton Copley, instead of devoting their mature powers to mythological subjects and to great canvases representing scenes from ancient and modern history, did not turn their attention to some familiar phase of Colonial life. Some simple domestic scene—a Puritan wedding, a Quaker courtship, or a Knickerbocker festival—would be of great value to-day, not only as a work of art, but for the insight it would give us into the life and characteristics of those early settlers of whom we know so little and of whom we would know so much.

Of Colonial portraits there are many, Copley's contributions to the gallery of purely American work being a large one; while those of West, Peale, and the Hesseliuses, although less numerous, are considerable. The miniatures of the same period are few and far between. Many of these precious heirlooms, preserved in old families, were doubtless executed abroad, or by foreign artists who visited the Colonies. The fact that they are usually unsigned and undated makes it difficult to classify them.

This is the case with an interesting miniature preserved in the Biddle family of their ancestress Mrs. John Craig, a graceful and accomplished Irish girl, whom Mr. John Craig met and married during a visit to the island of Tobago in the West Indies in 1780. This lady, Margaret M. Craig, was a daughter of Mr. Charles Craig, of Dublin and of Donovan,

Ireland, and was not related to the Philadelphia family of Craig, to which her husband belonged, which was of Scotch origin. Educated abroad, Mrs. Craig was an excellent French scholar, and during her life in Philadelphia her house was a constant resort of the French officers who were in America during the latter years of the Revolution, and of the many French emigrants of education and rank who found their way to America in the next decade.

Although not equal in merit to the larger portraiture of the time, the few American miniatures that have come down to us possess a quaint attractiveness of their own, and are interesting as early examples of an art which was being carried to such perfection by Richard Cosway in England, and was destined later to gain distinction at the hands of the Peales, Malbone, and Fraser in America.



H. R. (French émigré)
By Isabey



Reverse of Miniature

CHAPTER III. SOME ARTISTS OF THE REVOLUTION

THE Revolutionary period was a productive one in portraits and miniatures, perhaps because in those eventful years soldiership and statesmanship brought many men into prominence who in a quieter time would not have risen to sufficient importance in their own estimation or that of others to have their portraits painted. Charles Willson Peale belongs to the Colonial as well as to the Revolutionary period of American art; but as he attained his greatest success during the eight years of the war, it seems natural to classify him with the artists of the Revolution. Among these he was a leader, and in the field from first to last, often literally, as he painted a number of miniatures in camp. Of the soldiers and statesmen of the new era Mr. Peale painted many portraits, those of Washington being the most numerous, beginning in 1772 with the celebrated three-quarter length of the young Virginia Colonel, and reaching down to a short time before his death. The last of Peale's original portraits of Washington seems to have been the one executed in 1795, when the General was sixty-three years of age.

Between 1772 and 1795, in addition to his many portraits in oil, Mr. Peale painted a number of miniatures of the Commander-in-Chief. A miniature frequently attributed to Copley is a rather youthful head of General Washington, an engraving of which by J. De Mare appears in Irving's "Life of Washington." The original is now in the Huntingdon Collection at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and was pronounced by Mr. William S. Baker, of Philadelphia, a Charles Willson Peale miniature, painted in 1777. This miniature was inscribed, "Washington at the Age of Twenty-five," and this unauthorized statement, says Mr. Charles Henry Hart, "laid the foundation for the assumption that it was painted in Boston in 1755 by Copley, then at the mature age of eighteen. It is curiously youthful in appearance for a man of forty-five, but it must be remembered that Washington wore a youthful visage, and that miniatures discount at least a decade from a man's years."

Mr. Peale painted a miniature of Washington in the autumn of 1777, as he wrote in 1779 to Mr. Edmond Jennings, then in Paris: "I send you a copy in miniature of our worthy General, which I took on the march to the battle of Germantown. The likeness is something different from that which his Excellency, Lieutenant Gerard, carries for the King, but I have no doubt you will find many who will know it at first sight."

This miniature, sent to Mr. Jennings, was probably a replica of the one so often attributed to Copley.

Another of Mr. Peale's miniatures of Washington was painted in a farm-house in New Jersey. During the sitting, the General received a letter announcing the surrender of Burgoyne. This is related by Rembrandt Peale as occurring while Mr. Peale was in the army as a captain of volunteers: "Mr. Peale had his table and chair near the window, and Washington was sitting on the side of a bed, the room being too small for another chair. His aide-de-camp, Colonel Tilghman, was present. It was an interesting moment, but the sitting was continued, as the miniature was intended for Mrs. Washington." Several of Peale's miniatures of the General were painted for his wife, some of them to be worn in bracelets. Mrs. Washington wrote to Mr. Peale from New Windsor in 1780: "I send my miniature pictures to you and request the favor of you to get them set for me. I would have them as bracelets to wear round the wrists. . . . I would have the three pictures set exactly alike, and all the same size. If you have no crystals yourself, if they can be had in the city, I beg you to get them for me."

In reply to this request Mr. Peale wrote:

"Dr Madam,—The Jeweler promises me to have the bracelets done in a few days. I have begged him to take the utmost pains to set

them neatly. As no foreign glasses were to be had, I have moulded some of the best glass I could find and got a Lapidary to polish them, which I hope will not be inferior to those made abroad. I have cut the Pictures to one size, and mean to go a little further than you are pleased to direct,—that is, to have spare loop-holes for occasional use as a Locket,—and the additional expense is inconsiderable.

"Respectfully yours,

"C. W. PEALE.

"MRS. MARTHA WASHINGTON."

The following leaf from Washington's account book, preserved in the Department of the Interior, may refer to miniatures of Mrs. Washington and her children as well as to one or more of the General, as we know that when Mr. Peale was at Mount Vernon in 1772 he painted a miniature of Mrs. Washington for her son, John Parke Custis. This miniature, now in the possession of a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Beverley Kennon, of Georgetown, D. C., represents a woman about forty, and although quite handsome, lacks the charm of expression that distinguishes the Stuart portraits painted later:

"May 30th, 1772.

By Mr. Peale drawing my Picture . . .	£18 4 s.
" Miniature for Mrs. Washington . . .	13
" Ditto for Miss Custis	13
" Ditto for Mr. Custis	13
	£57 4 s."

Of Charles Willson Peale's early years, we learn that he was born in St. Paul's Parish, Queen Anne County, Maryland, April 16, 1741, three years later than Benjamin West and four years after Copley.* He was apprenticed to a saddler in Annapolis when a boy, and afterwards pursued that trade, with the addition of those of coachmaker, clock- and watch-maker, and silversmith, which proves him to have been versatile in his youth as in his mature years, and fond of mechanics then, as he was through all his long and useful life.

Mr. Dunlap, quoting, as he says, from Rembrandt Peale, states that the influence which seems to have had most to do with directing the current of Charles Peale's life was his meeting with Frazier, while on a business trip to Norfolk, whose paintings so impressed him that he determined to try his hand at the same profession. In his recollections, Mr. Peale says that this Frazier was a brother of Mr. Joshua Frazier, of Annapolis, who had

* The birthplace of Charles Willson Peale has been so often given as Chestertown, Maryland, that the author takes pleasure in making the above correction. The mistake probably arose from the fact that Mr. Charles Peale, Sr., for many years taught a free school in Chestertown, and that he died there in 1750. He left a widow and five children,—Charles Willson Peale, the artist; Margaret Jane, who married Colonel Nathaniel Ramsey of the Continental army; St. George Peale; Elizabeth Digby Peale, who married Captain Polk; and James Peale, the miniature and still-life painter.

some fondness for painting and had painted several landscapes and one portrait, with which he decorated his rooms. That Peale did not hold Mr. Frazier's work in very high esteem may be gathered from the fact that he says elsewhere that there were, previous to his own time, "only four persons [in Maryland] professing the art of portrait painting. The first was Mr. Cain, Mr. Hesselius, Sr., Mr. Wollaston, and Mr. John Hesselius, the younger."

John Hesselius was living at Annapolis about the middle of the century, and was settled at Bellefield with his fair widow in 1763. Charles Peale says that he offered him one of his best saddles with its complete furniture if he would allow him to see him paint a picture. Mr. Hesselius accepted the offer, painting one-half of the face of a portrait and leaving the other half for Peale to paint. He then saw Mr. Hesselius paint two portraits.

After his lessons with Hesselius, the most important influence that entered into the art life of Charles Peale was the result of a visit made to Boston in 1768. Here the young artist saw a number of Smibert's unfinished portraits and was introduced to John Copley, the sight of whose picture-room was a great feast to his hungry eyes. Peale says that "Mr. Copley treated him very civilly, and lent him a candle light to copy."

It was during this visit to Boston that Peale made his first essay at miniature painting,—a likeness of himself. His first attempt at a por-



Mrs. James Montgomery
By Charles Willson Peale
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Mrs. Charles Willson Peale
(Rachel Brewer)
By Charles Willson Peale
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trait is said to have been a small head—painted upon a board, in colors procured from a coach painter—of a lady whom he had seen and admired in church. This lady, Miss Rachel Brewer, Charles Peale married before he had reached the age of twenty. The courtship of this very youthful couple is thus related in a family chronicle:

"A little turned of 17 Yrs. he [Charles Willson Peale] rode beyond South River to see a Boy of his acquaintance, Master Jno. Brewer. Having enquired the way, he arrived in the time Dinner was prepairing, and the Kitchen being in the way to the Dwelling House he rapped at the Door to enquire if Mrs. Brewer lived there. Two of the daughters were in the Kitchen to look to the preparations of Dinner, and Miss Rachel hearing the rap, supposed it was by some of the Negro children, and called out 'Go round, you impudent baggage,' which was immediately obeyed by our young adventurer. The young Ladies, seeing a stranger, blushed exceedingly, making many apoligies for their rudeness. Then Charles was ushered into the House and treated with the utmost civility. This Lady who accosted him so roughly in her first words to him shortly became his favorite, and altho' a mere boy he began seriously to pay his addresses to her. Miss Rachel belonged to the class of small women, of fair complexion, altho' her Hair was of a dark brown color which hung in curling ringlets on her long, beautiful white neck, her

face was a perfect oval, she had sprightly dark Eyes, her Nose strait with some few angles, such as Painters are fond to imitate, her Mouth small and most pleasingly formed; in short, she would be called handsome amongst the beautiful of an assembly of her sex.

"How captivating is beauty when joined in a person desirous to please! Her manners were soft, modest, gentle, and Innocent, with a becoming affability, her mind formed to piety by the example of an Excellent Mother.

"Our Amorous youth, having no greater wish than becoming the Husband of so fine a girl, begs the Mother's permission to wait on her daughter at such times as he could leave his master's business. This was readily granted.

"After many visits and when Charles thought he had secured the Ladie's *heart*, he made his proposals of Marriage, but unfortunately for him, he was too pressing on this occasion. He knew and felt the openness of his disposition, but did not consider that the delicacy of a Lady required a more tender and winning proceeding to produce a confession of Love, and which by their Education they are taught to hide—to esteem a shame and weakness to discover. . . . These considerations made him plead with the Lady to relieve him from a doubtful, painfull situation of mind, too perplexing to be borne, and that he would be a constant and faithful admirer, ever studious to please her in all his actions.

"During the most of this discourse the young

Lady was silent (perhaps if her sister had not been present it might have been otherwise), and now having used every argument he was master of to persuade, he declared that she must now give him a final answer, and pulling out his Watch, he told her he would wait one hour for her determination. And when the time was nearly spent he became more uneasy, and he begged, he entreated,—that in 5 minutes he should be made the happiest or the most miserable of beings.

"The Lady's resentment prevented any reply.—The time expired.—He went immediately to the House and thanked her Mother for the kind entertainment he had received, and said he hoped that Miss Rachel would get a better Husband than he could make. That he must now take his leave of the family forever. But the Sunday following he called at Mrs. Brewer's to get his Whip, which in his hurry of taking leave he had forgot. He then only made his obedience to the family, and afterwards rode to West River. . . ."

Although the chronicle relates that young Peale now applied himself again closely to his work, having lost all his spare time in a fruitless courtship, we learn that soon after, "On a Summer's evening walking out for recreation, by chance he spied Miss Rachel Brewer before her Aunt's House at Annapolis. After the usual salutation, a conversation took place, in which he lamented the cause of his absence from her Mother's House. Miss informed him

that he was precipitate, and that the manner of his treatment of her did not deserve an answer, and she thought that she acted properly by remaining silent, and that if he chose to take it as a denial, she was not blameable. He then begged pardon, and asked her if she would forgive him, and he would again visit her family, which the Lady assented to. He then begged her to promise to make him a decisive answer on the next Sunday and he would then wait on her. Miss replied that she believed she would, and that her Mama would be glad to see him.

"Accordingly on the following Sunday he waited on her, and on that day she finally agreed to accept him for her intended Husband.

"He was not more than 18 Yrs. old at this time, and he ever after spent all the time he could be spared from his master's service in his attendance on the Lady. Let it hail, rain, or blow, no weather deterred him from crossing South River and a creek every week to visit Miss Rachel Brewer."

Mr. Peale's visit to Boston was made after his marriage. Some time prior to the Boston journey we find him in Philadelphia buying paints "at Mr. Christopher Marshall's colour shop," having been guided in the selection of these colors by the "Handmaid of the Arts," which the young Marylander says that he purchased "at Mr. Rivington's store, corner of Front and Market Streets." A short time after

his return from Boston, Mr. John Beale Bordley became interested in Peale's career. "A painting of his [Peale's] was carried to Miss Elizabeth Bordley's, and the Honorable J. B. Bordley being then at Annapolis to attend the Governor's Council, of which he was a member, this piece was left for Mr. Bordley to see it. When he rose in the morning he went into a cold room, where the picture was put, before he had gartered up his stockings, and staid there viewing it near 2 hours, and when he came out he said to his sister, 'Something must and shall be done for Charles,' and he immediately sent for him, and after some conversation he asked him if he was willing to go to England to get improvement. This was readily agreed to, and Mr. Bordley drew up a paper, intended to obtain the assistance of the wealthy."

Upon Mr. Bordley's paper, which he himself headed with a subscription of ten guineas, were the names of Governor Sharpe, Bannister and Charles Carroll, Daniel Dulaney, Robert Lloyd, Thomas Ringgold, Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, Thomas Sprigg, and Benjamin Calvert.

Provided with a sum of money amounting to about eighty-three pounds sterling, and with letters of introduction to Edmond Jennings, Esq.,* of London, to "Mr. Ramsay, the King's painter," and to Benjamin West,

* This was probably Mr. Jennings, of Maryland, whom John Adams found residing in Brussels in 1780.

Charles Peale set forth upon his voyage to England.

In London the young artist was warmly welcomed by Benjamin West, who not only gave him instruction in his studio, but offered him a home in his own house when his funds were exhausted. It was at this time that West painted Charles Peale's portrait,—a poetical young face, very different from the spectacled, philosophical gentleman familiar to modern eyes.

During this sojourn in England Peale improved his opportunities by taking lessons in modelling in wax, in moulding and casting in plaster, in engraving in mezzotint, and in miniature painting. From whom he had lessons in this latter art he does not say, although in one of his letters Peale wrote: "Mr. West is intimate with the best Miniature Painter, and intends to borrow some miniature pieces for me to copy privately, as he does nothing that way himself."

Soon after, the young American was industriously painting miniatures, having been recommended to his patrons by a jeweller on Ludgate Hill. Finding that this sort of painting was interfering with his studies, Peale raised his prices from two to three guineas and finally to four guineas, which he seems to have considered a rather exorbitant sum. One of his miniatures was of "Mrs. Russel and her granddaughter in one piece," and a companion to it, containing the portraits of Masters

Thomas and Mathias Bordley, sons of the Honorable John B. Bordley, who were being educated in England and were under the care of Mr. Edmond Jennings. During his return voyage Peale painted two portraits and one miniature. The latter was of the captain, and in order to accommodate his work to the motion of the vessel, he says that he "held the miniature box in his lap, by which position the box moved with his body in the rolling of the ship."

Soon after his return to Annapolis, Mr. Peale painted portraits of the Bordleys, Carrolls, and other well-known Maryland families. In 1771 and in 1772 he was in Philadelphia and painted some miniatures there. Among these is one of Colonel John Nixon, who, in July, 1776, read the Declaration of Independence to the multitude assembled in the State House yard. Mr. Peale wrote to his friend, Mr. Bordley, from Philadelphia in 1772 that he had "in hand one whole length, one composition of Mr. Cadwallader, Lady and Child in half length, which is greatly admired, Mrs. Dickinson and Child in same length, a portrait of a Quaker Lady who is very pretty in the dress of the Friends." He also speaks of "an exceedingly good likeness of the great Mr. Rittenhouse, a pencil drawing on vellum," which comprises his "exhibition except miniatures."

In 1774 Mr. Peale says that he had so many orders "in Baltimoretown" that he rented part of a house, where he and his family lived for

two winters. Here numerous portraits and miniatures were painted, most of them unsigned. He was again painting in Philadelphia in 1776; but soon after, being an ardent patriot, he raised a company of foot, and was with Washington during many important battles of the Revolution.

While in camp Mr. Peale painted miniature portraits of many of his brother officers. Among these are several miniatures of Washington and one of Colonel John Laurens, son of Henry Laurens, of South Carolina. This brave young officer, sometimes called the Bayard of the Revolution, fought a duel with Charles Lee after the battle of Monmouth "for disrespectful language to his Commander." After having rendered distinguished military and diplomatic service to his country, he fell in a skirmish in South Carolina. Of young Laurens Washington said, "He had not a fault that I could discover, unless it was his intrepidity bordering upon rashness." Mr. Peale also painted miniatures of Major William Jackson and General Samuel B. Webb, of Connecticut, who raised, chiefly at his own expense, the third regiment of his native State.

In July, 1780, Mr. Peale writes of having purchased a house in Philadelphia "to accommodate me in my profession." This house was at the southwest corner of Lombard and Third Streets, which was at that time a fashionable part of the city. A gallery with a



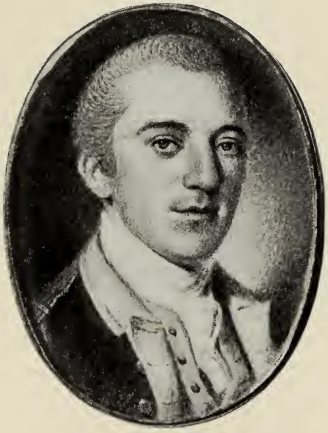
Major Jonathan Sellman



Colonel John Nixon

By Charles Willson Peale

Pages 90 and 96



Colonel John Laurens

By Charles Willson Peale

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skylight—the first in this city and perhaps the first in the country—was added to the house on Lombard Street.

John Adams in his letters speaks of making a visit to C. W. Peale, the artist, while in Philadelphia, and describes him as dressed in fashionable style and wearing a sword.

In his recollections, Mr. Peale speaks of painting miniatures at a reduced rate at this time, in order to raise money to complete the improvements upon his property. It is reasonable to suppose that most of Mr. Peale's Philadelphia miniatures were executed within the next few years. Among these are beautiful miniatures of Robert Morris and his wife. Of this lady, who was the intimate friend of Mrs. Washington while in New York and Philadelphia, Mr. Joseph Shippen wrote in her youth:

> "In lovely White's most pleasing form,
> What various graces meet!
> How blest with every striking charm!
> How languishingly sweet!"

This miniature of Mrs. Morris by Peale is much more attractive than her full-length portrait by the same artist, in which she appears in a very high and imposing head-dress.

Mr. Peale also painted miniatures of Captain and Mrs. James Montgomery. Captain Montgomery was one of the original members of the Cincinnati. He married, in 1776, Hester Griffitts, a daughter of William Griffitts and Abigail Powel. This lady was a cousin of the

Quaker poetess, Hannah Griffitts, who wrote a spirited satire upon the Meschianza of 1778, under the title, "What is It?"

An interesting chapter of Charles Willson Peale's career is that which treats of his devotion to the natural sciences. About 1784 some bones of a mammoth, recently discovered, were brought to him, and the idea of forming a great national museum of natural objects suggested itself to his active mind.* This new pursuit, which occupied much of his time and thought, resulted in the establishment of the celebrated Peale Museum, which was started in Mr. Peale's own house at the corner of Third and Lombard Streets. Strangers and citizens contributed to enlarge this collection, and in a few years Mr. Peale's rooms were found too small for his Museum. It was then removed to the hall of the Philosophical Society on Fifth Street, where it was greatly enlarged, especially by the addition of the skeleton of a mammoth, which was found

* Franklin Peale, in his notes upon his father's life, says that he was indebted to his brother-in-law, Colonel Nathaniel Ramsay, for the idea of this natural history collection. While visiting Peale in Lombard Street, he noticed the thigh-bone of a mammoth in a neglected corner, and recommended that it should be placed in the picture gallery, where, according to his ideas, it would attract more attention than all the pictures that Peale had painted. Mr. Robert Patterson came in and, noticing the bone of the mammoth in the gallery, added a paddle-fish, which had been found in the Western waters, towards the collection.

in Ulster County, New York, and disinterred at great expense and labor. This skeleton, or a similar one, was sent by Mr. Peale to London. His sons Rembrandt and Rubens accompanied it.

Dr. William Darlington, a celebrated botanist of West Chester, Pennsylvania, took great pleasure in describing a dinner given by Mr. Peale in his later years, after he had completed his figure of the mastodon for the Museum.* "Where do you think the dinner was given?" asked Dr. Darlington, in relating his story to a granddaughter of the artist. When she confessed her ignorance and her desire to be informed, Dr. Darlington told her that the dinner of twelve covers was given inside the mastodon, which was set up in the large banquet-room on the second floor of Independence Hall, adding, "You will allow me to repeat my toast upon the occasion, 'Here's to the Bonypartes of America.'" Mr. Peale's dinner was given when Napoleon Bonaparte was at the height of his glory.

When Mr. Peale removed his collection to the building of the Philosophical Society, he and his family accompanied it and for many

* The Peale Museum was removed from the Philosophical Society's rooms to the second floor of Independence Hall about 1800. Mr. Horace W. Sellers, a great-grandson of the artist and collector, says that the figure of the mastodon then set up in one of the rooms was a combination of real and artificial bones, while that sent abroad was probably manufactured throughout.

years made their home in the rooms of the society. The windows looked out upon the yard of Independence Hall, which was enclosed by a high board fence. The yard was open during the day and evening, but at nine o'clock the gates were closed, and in this pleasant garden the Peale children, who were versatile like their father and musical as well as artistic, amused themselves in the summer evenings with music and dancing. Franklin Peale told his daughter that he sometimes returned home after the gates were locked and the family in bed, when he would gain entrance to the yard by climbing over the high fence. Upon one of these occasions, as he made his way across the yard, he noticed a light in one of the windows of Independence Hall for which he could not account. Upon closer examination, Peale became convinced that some portion of the building was on fire. He hurried home, secured a saw, by means of which he removed a panel in the back door, and through this space he, being a slender lad, was able to creep into the Hall. Inside he found the high mantel over one of the chimney-places on fire, but as it had not made much headway he was able to put it out by using the fire-buckets, which were always kept full of water in the Hall. All this young Peale did without assistance and without alarming his family. The next morning there was great excitement about the fire in Independence Hall, of which no one knew anything until a very sleepy young man came

down late to breakfast and described the exploit of which he was the modest hero.

Mr. Peale made some copperplate engravings, chiefly for the instruction of his children. These are said to be the first engravings of the kind made in America.* One of these old pictures, still preserved in the Peale family, represents a scene at the corner of Third and Lombard Streets, and gives a good idea of the primitive simplicity of the streets of Philadelphia, with posts along the sidewalks,—the same posts that Mr. William Black found so inconvenient upon his nocturnal rambles after a fine bowl of punch had been enjoyed at a neighbor's house. Mr. Peale's engraving represents the unhappy fate of a cake or pie which has slipped from the hands of the housemaid to the street, upon its journey from the bake-house to the table for which it was intended. The poor girl stands on one side, the picture of woe, while hungry chimney-sweeps joyfully gather around the wreck of the coveted dainty.

In 1791 Mr. Peale made an effort to establish an association of artists in Philadelphia. In this, and in subsequent attempts to found an Academy of the Fine Arts in the Quaker City, he was unsuccessful. These early efforts were,

* Among Mr. Peale's engravings, made from his own paintings, are those of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; of George Washington, Esq., head and bust, three-quarter face; of the Marquis de Lafayette; of Benjamin Franklin; and of the Reverend Joseph Pilmore.—"American Engravers and their Works," by William S. Baker.

however, valuable as suggestions, helping to prepare the way for an Academy of the Fine Arts which was established in Philadelphia early in the next century.

It was while Charles Willson Peale was engaged in public-spirited work for his city and country that he relinquished his miniature painting in favor of his brother James. The latter painted during the Revolution, executing some pictures of still-life and some portraits in oil; but he is best known through his miniatures, painted in the later years of the century. James Peale painted in the South as well as in the Middle States, and many of the Southern miniatures spoken of as "by Peale" were probably painted by this younger brother of Charles Willson Peale. A miniature of Major Jonathan Sellman is thus spoken of by its owners, but this particular Peale miniature was doubtless the work of Charles Willson Peale, and may have been painted while Major Sellman was in the army. He served as captain in the Maryland line, was with Washington at Valley Forge, and was promoted to the rank of major toward the close of the war.

Mr. Peale painted a miniature of his first wife, who died in 1790, and of his second wife, who was a Miss de Peyster, of New York. This lady he met while she was making a visit to Philadelphia in 1791. Some friends brought her to the Museum, and after looking at the collection, Mr. Peale records that the company sang together joyously. Miss

de Peyster bore her part in the song, "Hush, Every Breeze," with so melodious a voice that Mr. Peale remarked to his friend Mr. James Bogart, "So sweet a voice bespeaks a harmonious mind." The lover, in his recollections, describes Miss de Peyster as "of a sedate countenance, of a fat rather than a lean figure, not very talkative, but rather of a serious, motherly appearance."

This latter quality must have appealed strongly to the middle-aged widower with his brood of motherless children at home, and we find him soon after "waiting" assiduously upon Miss de Peyster, who was stopping at the home of her brother-in-law, Major Stagg, and soon after painting her miniature. Mr. Peale had recorded earlier in his diary that "a portrait painter cannot but be sensible of the attractions of a lovely sitter." These attractions proved irresistible, combined with the fact that Miss de Peyster encouraged the artist, when he spoke of his numerous family as a drawback to him in obtaining a wife, by telling him that her father had been a widower with children and yet succeeded in providing them with a stepmother. An engagement was entered into by Mr. Peale to accompany the lady upon her return to New York.

In his diary, which is written in the third person, Mr. Peale describes the stage journey to New York, when he and Miss de Peyster were accompanied by his daughter Angelica, Dr. Armstrong, Dr. Witherspoon, Mr. Bring-

hurst, Junior, and a Methodist who took Mr. Bringhurst and Angelica Peale to task for admitting that they sometimes attended the play.

Arrived in New York, Mr. Peale conducted his lady-love to her father's house, where he was warmly welcomed. After dining at his lodgings and "mending his dress," he presented himself at the De Peyster mansion as a suitor for the hand of his "dear Miss Betsey," when, he says, he was "not able to do justice to the affectionate manner in which Mr. de Peyster relieved him of fears and anxiety. He cannot describe in any language, he cannot pen, the good, the kind, the affectionate words and manner in which he spoke comfort to their souls."

During this visit Mr. Peale began to paint a miniature of Mr. William de Peyster "for Miss Betsey (so called)," although most of his time seems to have been spent in making visits and excursions with his *fiancée* to the homes of her numerous relatives and friends. They drove to Mr. Nicholas de Peyster's handsome country-seat, seven miles distant from the city, where they dined with Mr. and Mrs. Cuisine, Mr. and Mrs. Bogart, and more De Peysters. Here the artist's eyes were feasted with the pleasing perspective, while near him, upon a rustic bench, he says, his Betsey sat, who "looked charmingly and also delighted his ears with her melodious voice in several songs. They strummed the guitar and talked of love."

One morning he started to work upon the miniature of Mr. de Peyster, when Mrs. Cuisine called for him "to take a ride with the Ladies to a Tea House about four miles out of the City, a very pleasant situation on the East River, where they stayed until dinner time, returned and dined at Mr. Bogart's."

During this visit to New York Mr. Peale was married to his "dear Miss Betsey," the ceremony being performed by the Reverend Mr. Linn, at ten o'clock in the evening, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. William de Peyster, John and Philip de Peyster, and Angelica Peale.*

After the wedding, art seemed to progress with fewer interruptions in the way of visits and junketings. The miniature of Mr. William de Peyster was finished and a replica begun to be given to his wife in order to induce her to sit for her portrait. A miniature of Angelica Peale, afterwards Mrs. Alexander Robinson, of Baltimore, was also painted at this time.

Soon after Mr. Peale's marriage he went to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where he had engagements to paint several pictures. Mrs. Peale accompanied her husband upon this trip.

Mr. Peale painted a portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Gittings, who lived near Baltimore, and finished

* Angelica Peale was the beautiful girl who stood near the triumphal arch erected in Washington's honor at Gray's Ferry in 1789, and lowered a laurel wreath upon the brow of the hero as he passed under it, upon his journey to the capital.

portraits of the children of Mr. John Calahan, of Annapolis, begun upon a previous visit to that city. Mr. and Mrs. Peale then set sail in Colonel Lloyd's schooner for Wye Island, where they visited the Bordleys, Lloyds, Goldsboroughs, and Haskenses, and "were waited on by Dr. Troup and his lady and the Widow Troup."*

Interesting and delightful are Mr. Peale's recollections of this sojourn in Maryland with his new wife. They met friends at every turn, and many portraits were painted; although at the house of a certain Mr. Smoot, where they stopped over-night, and at church on Sunday, Mr. Peale heard of two rival artists,—a Mr. Mews, who was painting miniatures of the Smoot children, and a French painter, Mr. Loise, from Annapolis, "who paints in a new stile." This was too much for the usually amiable artist, who indulged in a mild sarcasm with regard to the Frenchman, asking "if this gentleman so cried up will do better than Mr. Pine, whose reputation was equally cried up."†

Mr. Peale's children were named after great artists, Rembrandt, Raphaelle, Titian, Rubens, Sophonisba, and Angelica,—the last named after Angelica Kauffmann,—and they, like the good children that they were, strove to fulfil the des-

* For all the spellings of proper names mentioned in these recollections, Mr. Peale alone is responsible.

† Robert Edge Pine, who came to America in 1785 and painted numerous portraits at Mount Vernon and elsewhere.



Coleman Sellers



Mrs. Coleman Sellers
(Sophonisba Peale)

tiny thus forecast by their father. They were nearly all artists of more or less ability, while Franklin Peale, who was born in the building of the Philosophical Society, and named after its founder, naturally turned his attention to scientific pursuits and to mechanical invention.

Another American painter, who had a varied career and combined several important vocations with that of an artist, was John Trumbull. The son of Jonathan Trumbull, the War Governor of Connecticut, and of Faith Robinson, daughter of the Reverend John Robinson, of Duxbury, who was a direct descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, John Trumbull belonged to a family distinguished in Colonial and Revolutionary annals.* Jonathan Trumbull, who was the Governor of Connecticut before as well as during the War of the Revolution, was the original of the now well-known "Brother Jonathan." A warm friendship existed between the Commander-in Chief and Governor Trumbull, to whom, so runs the story, Washington would often turn in times of difficulty, saying, "Let us see what Brother Jonathan can do for us." It was Faith Trumbull, the wife of Governor Jonathan Trumbull, who rose up in the Lebanon meet-

* Another John Trumbull of Connecticut, six years the senior of Colonel John Trumbull, was the author of a number of poetical satires. "McFingal," the best known of Mr. Trumbull's works, is a poem cast in the form of Butler's "Hudibras," in which the characters, customs, and fashions of the time of the Revolution are cleverly satirized.

ing and contributed her handsome red cloak to help supply the needs of the army.

In one of the many elaborate eulogies pronounced upon Madam Trumbull at the time of her death, in 1780, the story of her donation of her fine red cloak is thus related:

"During the War—after divine service on a Sunday, or on a Thanksgiving Day—contributions were often taken in church for the benefit of the Continental Army. Cash, finger-rings, ear-rings, and other jewelry—coats, jackets, breeches, shirts, stockings, hats, shoes, every article, in fact, of male attire—besides groceries in great variety—were frequently thus collected—in New England particularly, in large quantities. Upon one such occasion in Lebanon Meeting House, Connecticut, after notice given that a collection would be taken for the soldiers—Madam Faith Trumbull rose from her seat near her husband—threw off from her shoulders a magnificent scarlet cloak—a present to her, we hear on good authority, from the Commander-in-Chief of the French allied army, Count Rochambeau himself—and, advancing near the pulpit, laid it on the altar as her offering to those who, in the midst of every want and suffering, were fighting gallantly the great Battle for Freedom. It was afterwards taken, cut into narrow strips, and employed, as red trimming, to stripe the dress of American soldiers."*

* "Life of Jonathan Trumbull, Senior," by I. W. Stuart.



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(Faith Robinson)
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Faith Trumbull
By John Trumbull
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Reared in an atmosphere of patriotism, with three brothers in the army, it is not strange that John Trumbull should, in the early days of the Revolution, have formed a military company from among the young men of his native village, Lebanon. At the age of nineteen he was adjutant of the First Connecticut Regiment, and a little later aide-de-camp to General Washington. In July, 1776, Trumbull was made adjutant-general with the rank of colonel, was with Washington at Trenton, and accompanied General Benedict Arnold upon his expedition to Providence, Rhode Island.

A soldier, a statesman, and an ardent patriot, John Trumbull is best known to-day as the author of some of the most spirited of the Washington portraits, and of a number of portraits and miniatures of soldiers and statesmen of the Revolution and of the belles and beauties of the period. Trumbull's Hamilton may be somewhat idealized,—the fine head certainly suggests larger stature than that of the original,—but, at the same time, it gives a truer conception than most of the Hamilton portraits of the intellectual power of one of the greatest thinkers of his time. Of his own early attempts at drawing Trumbull thus speaks in his autobiography:

"My taste for drawing began to dawn early. It is common to talk of natural genius; but I am disposed to doubt the existence of such a principle in the human mind; at least, in my own case. I can clearly trace it to mere imi-

tation. My two sisters, Faith and Mary, had completed their education at an excellent school in Boston, where they both had been taught embroidery; and the eldest, Faith, had acquired some knowledge of drawing, and had even painted in oil, two heads and a landscape. These wonders were hung in my mother's parlor, and were among the first objects that caught my infant eye. I endeavored to imitate them, and for several years the nicely sanded floors (for carpets were then unknown in Lebanon) were constantly scrawled with my rude attempts at drawing."

Young Trumbull's inclination towards an artistic career was not encouraged by his father, who desired him to take a classical course at Harvard with a view to having him enter one of the learned professions. It was not until the close of his service in the army that he was able to apply himself seriously to the study of art. While in Boston, he occupied the studio of Smibert, in which he says that he found several copies made by the elder artist from celebrated pictures in Europe which were useful to him. From copying these paintings, and from whatever inspiration may have come to him from walls that had echoed to the voices of Smibert, Blackburn, and Copley, the young Connecticut artist was able to accomplish a respectable amount of work before he had had the benefit of any especial instruction either at home or abroad. Among these early works are some portraits

of the artist's own family, one of Major General Huntington and his son, of Elisha Williams, and Thomas Dawes. In addition to his life-size portraits, John Trumbull painted some small heads on copper of the Misses Apthorp and of the Misses Sheaffe, which gave promise of the miniature work in which he was afterwards so successful.

While living in Boston, Colonel Trumbull met Mr. Temple, afterwards Sir John Temple, who strongly urged his going to London to study with Benjamin West. Mr. Temple communicated with Lord George Germain, the British Secretary of State, upon the subject of Colonel Trumbull's voyage to England in the unsettled state of affairs, and, being assured that he would not be molested in the pursuit of his art, he set forth.

In Paris Mr. Trumbull met Dr. Franklin and his grandson, Temple Franklin, and John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams. From Dr. Franklin he procured a letter of introduction to Benjamin West, who, as he says in his recollections, received him most kindly, offering him any picture that he chose to copy from his own collection.* Here John Trumbull first saw Gilbert Stuart, who was studying with West. He says: "With his [Stuart's] assistance I prepared my materials

* The material from which this brief sketch of Colonel Trumbull is made has been drawn chiefly from his own "Autobiography, Reminiscences, and Letters."

and proceeded to my work. When Mr. West afterwards came into the room to see how I went on, he found me commencing my outline without the usual aid of squares. 'Do you expect to get a correct outline by your eye only?' 'Yes, sir; at least I mean to try.' 'I wish you success.' His curiosity was excited, and he made a visit daily to mark my progress, but forbore to offer me any advice or instruction. When the copy was finished, and he had carefully examined and compared it, he said, 'Mr. Trumbull, I have now no hesitation to say that nature intended you for a painter. You possess the essential qualities; nothing more is necessary but careful and assiduous cultivation.' With this stimulant, I devoted myself assiduously to the study of the art, allowing little time to make myself acquainted with the curiosities and amusements of the city."

While Colonel Trumbull was studying in Mr. West's studio, news of the treason of General Arnold and the execution of young Major André reached London. Public feeling ran high at this time. John André was a brave young officer, greatly beloved, with much to recommend him. To many minds his sentence seemed unwarrantably severe. "Mr. André," says Colonel Trumbull, "had been the deputy adjutant-general of the British army, and I a deputy adjutant-general in the American, and it seemed to them that I should make a perfect *pendant*." Accordingly, on his return to his lodgings one evening, Colonel Trumbull was

arrested, his papers seized, and he carried off to "a lockup-house, the Brown Bear in Drury Lane." He was afterwards taken to Tothill-Fields bridewell, where he was a prisoner for seven months, during which time he says that he became acquainted with the darkest side of human nature, and upon one occasion had a highwayman for a bedfellow.

As soon as Mr. West heard of the arrest of the young artist, he sought an audience with the King, and used every means in his power to alleviate the condition of his countryman. The King assured Mr. West upon his royal word that "in the worst possible event of the law his life should be safe." Even with this powerful influence in his favor, John Trumbull was allowed to remain in prison seven months. Fortunately, he was furnished with colors and brushes through the kindness of Mr. West, and with the latter's copy of Correggio's St. Jerome of Parma for a study, he was able to pass away the long hours of captivity in his favorite pursuit.

In artistic work, as in all else that involves the higher intellectual powers, the sojourn in the desert, the hours of seclusion and concentration, that precede public acknowledgment, are often the most important factors of success. A prison may not seem an inspiring place in which to work; but John Trumbull's prison had the advantage of being a room on the ground floor opening into a garden, in which he was allowed to walk. Here he

finished the Correggio, which is now in the Yale College collection at New Haven.

Colonel Trumbull's release was finally effected through the influence of Edmund Burke, who obtained an order from the King to admit him to bail, Benjamin West and John Singleton Copley becoming sureties for their young countryman. As soon as he was released, Colonel Trumbull set forth for Holland, from whence he sailed for America, and finally reached "the haven where he would be" after an eventful and perilous voyage. His second visit to London was in January, 1784, when he again studied under Mr. West and drew at the Royal Academy by the side of Thomas Lawrence, who was afterwards its president.

Following in the footsteps of his master and the fashion of the day, Trumbull painted a number of large canvases. He copied West's "Battle of La Hogue," which he calls a glorious picture, and soon afterwards made his first attempt at the composition of a military scene,—the death of General Fraser at Bemus Heights,*—which was followed by a

* General Fraser was second in command to Burgoyne at the battle of Saratoga, or Bemus Heights. He was shot and mortally wounded by one of Morgan's riflemen. During his last hours he was tenderly ministered to by the Baroness Riedesel, who was living near the British encampment at the time. This kindly German lady has left in her journal a touching description of the last hours of General Fraser and of his burial, when Mr. Brudenell read the service, amid shot and shell from the American army near by.

painting of the death of General Warren at Bunker's Hill and of that of General Montgomery in the attack upon Quebec.

In his autobiography Colonel Trumbull tells an amusing story of his relations with Sir Joshua Reynolds. After executing portraits of Colonel Wadsworth and his son, he submitted them to Sir Joshua for his criticism, who exclaimed, in a quick, sharp tone, "That coat is bad, sir, very bad; it is not cloth, it is tin, bent tin." Trumbull says that he was conscious of the defects in his portraits, but that he considered the criticism unwarrantably severe. Some months later Mr. West invited him to dine at his house in company with several other artists. Upon this occasion the guests were received in the painting-room, where Trumbull's nearly completed picture of the battle of Bunker's Hill was placed in a good light. "When Sir Joshua entered the room," says Colonel Trumbull, "he immediately ran up to my picture,—'Why, West, what have you got here?—this is better colored than your works are generally.' 'Sir Joshua' (was the reply), 'you mistake—that is not mine—it is the work of this young gentleman, Mr. Trumbull; permit me to introduce him to you.' Sir Joshua was at least as much disconcerted as I had been by the *bent tin;* the account between us was fairly balanced."

The next year Colonel Trumbull travelled on the Continent, and had the benefit of seeing and studying many noble works of art. His

observations not only upon pictures, but also upon persons and places, show him to have been a man of taste and judgment, an interesting writer, as well as a good artist. Among distinguished foreigners whom he met upon this trip were the Count de Vergennes, M. de Moustier, who later represented his country in the United States, his sister, Madame de Bréhan, and the beautiful Countess de Bonouil, who nearly lost her head in consequence of her epigrammatic description of the coronation of Alexander I. of Russia, upon which occasion she wrote home: "The Emperor walked in grand procession, the assassins of his father preceding him, those of his grandfather following him, and his own surrounding him on all sides."

Trumbull evidently had an artist's appreciation of beauty, especially of the beauty of women. His pencil sketches of "Madame Payen" and of "Mademoiselle Grenier de Breda sur le Rhin," both signed "J. T., Sep., 1786," are charming and spirited. Upon this trip he met the Cosways. Richard Cosway was in Paris, painting miniatures of the Duchess of Orleans and her children, and here, says Colonel Trumbull, "commenced Mr. Jefferson's acquaintance with Mrs. Cosway, of whom respectful mention is made in his published correspondence."

Mrs. Cosway was the daughter of an innkeeper in Leghorn, and sister to George Hadfield, who came to the United States to assist

in the erection of the Capitol at Washington. Talented as well as beautiful, Mrs. Cosway was an accomplished musician and an artist of considerable ability. Her miniatures were among the loveliest exhibited at the Royal Academy, says Cunningham, and her portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, painted in the character of Spenser's Cynthia, made a stir equal to that produced by her husband's work. He adds that one-half of the carriages which stopped at their door "contained sitters ambitious of the honours of her pencil. The painter, however, was too proud a man to permit his wife—much as he admired her talents—to paint professionally; this, no doubt, was in favour of domestic happiness, but much against her success in art."

After his return to America in 1789, Colonel Trumbull painted some large canvases representing important events in the history of the Revolution, and a number of portraits and miniatures. Of his full-length portrait of Washington, painted in Philadelphia in 1792, and now in the gallery of Yale College, the artist said himself: "I undertook it *con amore* (as the commission was unlimited), meaning to give his military character in the most sublime moment of its exertion, the evening previous to the battle of Princeton, when, viewing the vast superiority of his approaching enemy, and the impossibility of again crossing the Delaware or retreating down the river, he conceives the plan of returning by a

night march into the country from which he had just been driven, thus cutting off the enemy's communication and destroying his depot of stores and provisions at Brunswick. I told the President my object; he entered into it warmly, and, as the work advanced, we talked of the scene, its dangers, its almost desperation. He *looked* the scene again, and I happily transferred to the canvas the lofty expression of his animated countenance, the high resolve to conquer or to perish. The result was, in my own opinion, eminently successful, and the General was satisfied."

Colonel Trumbull's expressions with regard to this picture give the key-note to his success in his art, a thorough understanding and sympathy with his subject, which resulted in very strong and spirited portraits.

As a rule, Trumbull was happier in his portraits of men than in those of women, although his miniatures of his niece, Faith Trumbull, and of the Misses Sophia and Margaret Chew, of Philadelphia, possess much girlish grace and charm.

Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, of Hartford, has left the following description of Faith Trumbull as she appeared to him, a short time before her miniature was painted: "Miss Trumbull made us happy an hour or so with her company. Her person is elegant, though small; her countenance agreeably expressive, and what is generally called handsome. Her first appearance is much in her favor. I will wait



Major-General Nathanael Greene
By John Trumbull
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till I see her again before I say anything more about her. . . . We walked, or rather waded, over to Colonel Trumbull's, and sat and chatted an hour with him; Mrs. Trumbull and Faithy all agreeable, the former peculiarly so, and the appearance of the latter, though reserved, such as inspires you with a desire of becoming intimately acquainted."

Miss Trumbull did not marry this young gentleman, upon whom her charms made so strong an impression. She later became the wife of Daniel Wadsworth, of Hartford, a son of Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth, who was commissary-general for the Continental Army.

Most of the Trumbull miniatures are not painted upon ivory, but are veritably "portraits in little," as they are small heads in oil painted upon wood or canvas. The fullest collection of these portraits is in the New Haven gallery, where are miniatures of General Philip Schuyler and his daughter, Cornelia; of Ralph Izard, United States Senator from South Carolina; of Major-General John Cocke, of South Carolina, and of General Nathanael Greene, whose strong, handsome face must have delighted the artist who painted it. Among these miniatures are those of Sophia and Harriet Chew, daughters of Chief-Justice Benjamin Chew, and of Mary Julia Seymour, daughter of Thomas Seymour, first Mayor of Hartford. These portraits in miniature were all painted between 1790 and 1794. Those of the Misses

Chew were doubtless executed when Colonel Trumbull was in Philadelphia in 1792 painting the full-length portrait of Washington. About the same time miniatures were executed of Rufus King, of Colonel Grimké, of Governor Mifflin, of John Jay, of Oliver Ellsworth, of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morris, and of Major William Jackson, the handsome young secretary of President Washington, who married Miss Elizabeth Willing, of Philadelphia. This latter portrait, which belongs to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, is one of the most beautiful examples of Trumbull's small work. Upon his portraiture, large and small, he impressed himself so strongly that without the signature, which was generally omitted, he who runs may read, which makes it more remarkable that of all the artists of the period none have had more counterfeit work attributed to them than Trumbull.

By contemporaries Colonel Trumbull is described as a man of courtly, old-school politeness, and at the same time of such freedom and candor that he made many enemies by his plain speaking. One young artist, however, to whom he made the unflattering remark that he had better have been a shoemaker than a painter, took the observation in such good part that he not only agreed with Colonel Trumbull, but afterwards admitted that he would have been better off had he chosen that trade. A familiar expression attributed to Trumbull is that the picture-framer makes more than the



Mrs. John Trumbull
By Elkanah Tisdale
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painter, which was certainly true with regard to some of the richly framed miniatures of the last century.

Mrs. John Trumbull was an English lady who is described as very beautiful. Her husband was devotedly attached to her, and at the time of her death in 1824 wrote of her who had been his beloved companion for twenty-four years, "She was the perfect personification of truth and sincerity—wise to counsel, kind to console—by far the more important and better *moral* half of me, and withal, beautiful beyond the usual beauty of women!"

Colonel Trumbull survived his wife nineteen years, during which time he kept her portrait, closely veiled, at the head of his bed. Another portrait of Mrs. Trumbull is a miniature painted in middle life by Elkanah Tisdale, of Lebanon. Tisdale was an eccentric genius, the son of a wagon-maker, who, with no instruction in art except what he may have gathered from studying the works of his distinguished townsman, John Trumbull, executed a number of exquisite miniatures. One of these portraits was of General Knox, in which the colors, especially the flesh tints, are remarkably fine, as they are in the miniature of Mrs. John Trumbull. Tisdale also painted a miniature of Faith Trumbull after her marriage to Daniel Wadsworth.

An eccentric genius belonging to this period was Patience Wright, a New Jersey Quakeress, who excelled in modelling heads and faces in

wax. Although not a miniature painter, Mrs. Wright was a true artist, and is a figure far too interesting to be passed over without notice.

Patience Wright's first attempts at modelling were with putty and bread, after which she made likenesses in wax, which were so much admired that she went to London to try her fortune. Here she executed likenesses of the King and Queen, Lord Chatham, Wilkes, Barré, and other notable personages. Her work was considered so good that Mrs. Wright was spoken of in a London magazine for 1775 as "the Promethean Modeller."

Her studio being the resort of many prominent persons, Mrs. Wright was in a position to hear much of the political talk of the day, and often took advantage of her opportunities to give important information to Dr. Franklin. This fact, taken in connection with her great freedom of speech, sometimes placed her in dangerous situations. Upon one occasion she undertook to tell Lord Bute that it was impossible for the English to conquer America. Mr. West, who overheard the remark, begged the patriotic lady to be more careful, assuring her that "her petticoats would not protect her."

Elkanah Watson, who met Mrs. Wright in Paris in 1779, thus described her:

"I came oddly in contact with the eccentric Mrs. Wright on my arrival at Paris, from Nantes. Giving orders, from the balcony of the Hotel d'York, to my English servant, I

was assailed by a powerful female voice, crying out from an upper story, 'Who are you? An American, I hope!' 'Yes, Madam,' I replied, 'and who are you?' In two minutes she came blustering down stairs with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. We soon were on the most excellent terms. I discovered that she was in the habit of daily intercourse with Franklin, and was visited by all the respectable Americans in Paris. . . .

"With a head of wax upon her lap, she would mould the most accurate likenesses by the mere force of a retentive recollection of the traits and lines of the countenance; she would form her likenesses by manipulating the wax with her thumb and finger. Whilst thus engaged, her strong mind poured forth an uninterrupted torrent of wild thought and anecdotes and reminiscences of men and events. . . ."

The King and Queen often visited her rooms; they would induce her to work upon her heads regardless of their presence. She would sometimes, as if forgetting herself, address them as George and Charlotte. This circumstance was evidently a source of great satisfaction to Mrs. Wright, as she boasted of it to Mr. Watson and other persons.

Many interesting stories are related of Mrs. Wright's adventures while travelling on the Continent with her wax figures. One evening, while on her way to Passy to compare her wax head of Dr. Franklin with the original, she was stopped at the barrier to be searched for con-

traband goods. This proceeding was violently opposed by the free-born American, and in the scuffle that ensued the head of a dead man, as it appeared, was discovered in her arms, wrapped in a napkin. The officials, supposing that they had encountered a lunatic, determined to convey the poor lady to the police station, when she fortunately succeeded in commanding sufficient French to communicate to them her desire to be taken to the Hotel d'York. Here Mr. Watson came to her rescue, and Mrs. Wright was permitted to go her way in peace, with her wax head, which she placed beside that of the original, declaring that they were "twin brothers."

An excellent example of Mrs. Wright's smaller portraiture is a wax head of Dr. Franklin in high relief, which is now in the possession of Mr. Charles Bradford, of West Chester, Pennsylvania.

Joseph Wright, a son of Mrs. Patience Wright, painted several portraits of Washington, and executed a small wax head in low relief. Of his attempt to make a plaster cast of the face of the General, Elkanah Watson has left an amusing description in his recollections. It is probably of this bust that Washington wrote to Mrs. Wright in 1785, in the following courtly phrase: "If the bust which your son has modelled of me should reach your hands and afford your celebrated genius any employment that can amuse Mrs. Wright, it must be an honor done to me."

CHAPTER IV. END-OF-THE-CENTURY ARTISTS

THE star of another artist, which was destined to outshine those of both Peale and Trumbull in the field of individual portraiture, reached its zenith somewhat later than that of Peale, although contemporaneous with that of Trumbull. A Rhode Island boy, who had had few advantages for instruction in art in his native State, Gilbert Charles Stuart owed his first opportunity for study abroad to Cosmo Alexander, who gave him some lessons in Newport, and later took him to Edinburgh with him. Cosmo Alexander was a Scotch artist, who, although, according to the parlance of the day, "above the mere trade of painting," condescended to paint portraits of the Hunters, Keiths, Fergusons, Grants, Hamiltons, and other Rhode Island families. Before returning home, Mr. Alexander visited South Carolina, taking young Stuart with him.

Gilbert Stuart, who seems to have relinquished the name of Charles early in his career, lost his kind friend and patron soon after his arrival in Scotland. A second visit to the Old World was made in 1777. His introduction to Benjamin West was thus related by Mr. Joseph Wharton, of Philadelphia, to

Thomas Sully, the artist: "West was dining with some friends, when a servant told him that some one wished to see him. He made answer, 'I am engaged;' but added, after a pause, 'Who is he?' 'I don't know, sir: he says he is from America.' Thereupon one of the guests, Mr. Wharton, said, 'I will go and see who it is.' Wharton was from Philadelphia, and was intimate with West's family.* He went out and found a handsome youth, dressed in a fashionable green coat. With him he talked for some time, and, finding that he was a nephew of Joseph Anthony, one of the most prominent merchants in Philadelphia, and who happened to be a friend of Mr. Wharton, he at once told Mr. West that he was well connected. Hearing this, West came out and received his visitor cordially. Stuart told him of his long desire to see him and his wish to make further progress in his calling; to all which West listened with kindness and attention. At parting, he requested Stuart to bring him something that he had painted. This Stuart did gladly. In a few days he commenced his studies with West, and shortly after, in the summer of 1777, he was domiciled

* This was Joseph Wharton, Junior, of Philadelphia, who was in London at this time. Over the signature of "Wigwam," he wrote a number of letters to the *Pennsylvania Journal*. These letters were strongly in favor of the freedom of the Colonies, and the identity of the writer being discovered, he was obliged to escape to France, whence he returned to America.

in his family. At that time he was two and twenty years of age."

Gilbert Stuart was established in London as a portrait painter prior to 1785. Benjamin West and Sir Joshua Reynolds sat to him for their portraits, which brought Stuart into notice, and, having by his good work gained a reputation, he demanded and received a price for his pictures exceeded only by the sums paid to Sir Joshua and Gainsborough.

Mr. George C. Mason, in his life of Gilbert Stuart, relates many anecdotes of this brilliant and whimsical genius, who possessed considerable musical and dramatic talent, in addition to his great ability as an artist.

Mr. Dunlap says that when Mr. Longacre and Mr. Neagle,* two Philadelphia artists, were visiting Stuart, one of them asked him for a pinch of snuff from an ample box out of which he was profusely supplying his own nostrils. "I will give it to you," said Stuart, "but I advise you not to take it. Snuff-taking is a pernicious, vile, dirty habit, and, like all bad habits, to be carefully avoided." "Your practice contradicts your precept, Mr. Stuart." "Sir, I can't help

* This was John Neagle, who went to Boston to study with Gilbert Stuart. He afterwards devoted himself to portrait painting in Philadelphia, and married into the Sully family. James B. Longacre is better known as an engraver than as an artist, although a number of his engravings were made from his own portraits from life. Mr. Longacre began the well-known publication called "The National Portrait Gallery."

it. Shall I tell you a story? I happened to be travelling in a dark night, when coachee contrived to overturn us all—or, as they say in New York, 'dump us'—in a ditch. We scrambled up, felt our legs and arms to be convinced that they were not broken, and, finding on examination that inside and outside passengers were tolerably whole (on the whole), some one thought of the poor devil who was shut up with the baggage in the basket. He was found apparently senseless, and his neck twisted awry. One of the passengers, who had heard that any dislocation might be remedied if promptly attended to, seized on the corpse, with a determination to untwist the man's neck and set his head straight on his shoulders. Accordingly, with an iron grasp he clutched him by the head and began pulling and twisting by main force. He appeared to have succeeded miraculously in restoring life, for the dead man no sooner experienced the first wrench, than he roared vociferously, 'Let me alone! let me alone! I'm not hurt!—I was born so!' Gentlemen," added Stuart, "I was born so; and"—taking an enormous pinch of snuff—"I was born in a snuff-mill."*

The charm of Stuart's portraits is indescribable; it is something more than excellence of drawing, color, composition, and modelling; it is atmosphere, expression, soul. Stuart may

* This was literally true, as Gilbert Stuart, Senior, a Scotchman, erected the first snuff-mill in New England.

not have read the characteristics of his sitter more clearly than Trumbull, but his technique was so much finer, brush and palette were so perfectly the servants of his will, that individualities of character and expression appear upon his canvases with a force and grace all their own. The strength and dignity of General Washington lost nothing at the hands of Stuart; but with these characteristics he so harmoniously blended the humanity and large kindliness of nature that were equally marked traits of the great man, that when we look at his portraits we think of the "Father of his Country" before we recognize the leader of her armies.

A beautiful woman upon Stuart's canvas may appear more beautiful than the original, because the artist possessed the power to grasp the possibilities of the face before him and to bring out its spiritual elements. Stuart's admonition to his pupils was, "You may elevate your mind as much as you can, but while you have nature before you as a model, paint what you see and look with your own eyes."

That Stuart—gay, pleasure-loving, erratic, and improvident—should have possessed the power of fathoming thoughts that lie deeper than all knowledge, is one of the many anomalies that genius has presented to the world.

The ideality in composition which characterizes the best of Stuart's paintings is most noticeable in the unfinished portraits of the General and Mrs. Washington, now at the

Boston Athenæum; in that of Mrs. Samuel Blodget, of Philadelphia; in the lovely youthful portraits of Nellie Custis and her elder sister, Elizabeth, and in one of her two friends, the young daughters of Robert Morris, which is one of the most charming of the artist's compositions.

Mr. Mason, in his long list of Gilbert Stuart's portraits, mentions no miniatures, nor does his latest biographer allude to any. Several miniatures are, however, attributed to Stuart. One of these is of Captain Joseph Anthony, Junior, of Philadelphia, the son of Stuart's uncle and patron. Portraits in oil of Captain Joseph Anthony, Senior, and his wife were certainly painted by Stuart, and the miniature of their son has come down to this generation well authenticated by the family which owns it.* Another miniature attributed to this artist is that of Lady Liston, wife of Sir Robert Liston, who came to America as a bride in 1796.

Sir Robert Liston, who had held several diplomatic positions under the British government, was appointed, February 17, 1796, to represent his country in the United States. Ten days later he married, in Glasgow, Harriet, daughter of Nathaniel Marchant, of Jamaica.

* As many of Stuart's portraits were copied in miniature by Benjamin Trott, this miniature may be a copy by Trott from a portrait by Gilbert Stuart of his cousin, Joseph Anthony, Junior.



Joseph Anthony, Junior
Attributed to Gilbert Stuart
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This is the tender-hearted lady whom Bishop White described as shedding tears at the farewell dinner given to President Washington in Philadelphia, when the President lifted his glass and said, bowing to the company, "This is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man." While in Philadelphia, Sir Robert and Lady Liston lived on Arch Street, as is proved by a dinner invitation, dated "Arch Street, 19 March," in which they request "the honour of Mr. and Mrs. Champlin's company to dinner at four o'clock."

When the capital was removed from New York to Philadelphia, James Peale was well established as a miniature painter in the latter city. Here and in New York he painted miniatures of many distinguished men and women of the day.

James Peale, like his brother Charles, began life with a trade, his being that of a carpenter and cabinet-maker, which was especially convenient, as he was thus able to make frames for his brother's pictures. Charles Willson Peale encouraged both his brothers to try their hands at painting. St. George Peale executed some portraits in crayon, but did not pursue art, while James Peale made it the business of his life. He signed his miniatures much more frequently than Charles Peale, but as it cannot be proved that James Peale always endorsed his work, much confusion exists with regard to the miniatures of these two brothers, who were painting at the same time. Charles Peale

relinquished most of his miniature work to his brother about 1785, although he painted some "portraits in little" after that date, as he speaks of being engaged upon miniatures of Mr. William de Peyster and of his own daughter, Angelica, while in New York in 1790. When in that city, some months after his marriage to Miss de Peyster, Peale painted a miniature of Mr. Bogart, of which he says, "The family acknowledged themselves pleased with the likeness, but expected Mr. Peale to set it for the same price, saying that Mr. Ramage did so."

A certain family resemblance runs through the work of the two Peales, James being indebted to his brother Charles for his early instruction in the art of painting. In comparing their ability in miniature work, the portraits of the elder brother will be found to possess greater strength than those of the younger, which are distinguished by a delicacy of touch and finish that rendered James Peale particularly happy in his miniatures of women. This difference of style is especially marked in the miniatures of Washington. Charles Willson Peale's portraits of the General, with the exception of the early miniature of 1777, represent a man of force as well as of dignity, while in the miniatures of James Peale he appears as a benevolent and rather characterless gentleman, who might have taught a village school had he not been called upon to lead an army.

In some of his portraits of men James Peale



Christopher Greenup
By James Peale
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Tench Francis
By James Peale
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was much happier than in those of Washington. One in which he appears at his best is that of Mr. Tench Francis, of Philadelphia, which, unlike most portraits of the period, is signed with the artist's initials and the date, 1798, given. The very handsome gentleman who appears in this miniature, with his hair powdered and with a gay red ribbon around his stock and tied in among the fine ruffles of his shirt front, married Hannah M. Roberts the same year in which his miniature was painted, —which looks as if it had been designed for a betrothal or wedding gift. Miss Roberts came of an ancestry which included such good names as Moore, Preston, and Lloyd, of Maryland. A miniature painted by James Peale, and in somewhat the same style as that of Mr. Francis, is one of John Steele, of North Carolina, who was a member of the Legislature of his own State, served in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, and was for several years Comptroller of the Treasury under Washington.

Another distinguished man whose miniature was painted by James Peale was Christopher Greenup, who did good service during the War of the Revolution and in the settlement of the subsequent difficulties between the Indians and the pioneer settlers in the new State of Kentucky. Christopher Greenup and Alexander D. Orr were the first representatives of that State in the Congress of the United States. Mr. Greenup held many important positions in

Kentucky, of which he was elected Governor in 1802.

Of Mrs. James Madison, who was painted in early and later years by the most distinguished artists of her time, one of the most attractive portraits is a miniature by James Peale, dated 1794. This miniature, which was painted during the last months of the brief widowhood of Dolly Payne, or soon after her marriage to James Madison, represents the charming young face framed in by a dainty shirred cap, with a delicate white kerchief discreetly folded over her plump shoulders, half concealing, it may be, the very mulberry satin in which she captivated "the great little Madison."

Of this happy couple Washington Irving wrote from the capital, during the administration of James Madison: "I emerged from dirt and darkness into the blazing splendor of Mrs. Madison's drawing-room. Here I was most graciously received; found a crowded collection of great and little men, of ugly old women and beautiful young ones, and in ten minutes was hand and glove with half the people in the assemblage. Mrs. Madison is a fine, portly, buxom dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. Her sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, are like two merry wives of Windsor; but as to Jemmy Madison —oh, poor Jemmy!—he is but a withered little apple-john."

Miniatures of James Monroe and his wife



Reverend John Breckinridge
By John Sartain
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James Monroe
By Sené
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were painted, while they were in Paris in 1794, by Sené. If, as has been stated on the authority of Eugène Muntz, librarian of the École des Beaux-Arts, little is known of the artist Sené, he has not been served according to his deserts, as these portraits of the great American statesman and his wife would alone establish his claim to distinguished ability as a miniaturist. The portrait of James Monroe, which is exquisite in composition and color, is owned by the widow of his grandson, Mrs. Gouverneur, of Washington, D. C., while the graceful and charming miniature of Mrs. Monroe (Elizabeth Kortright) belongs to Mr. Charles Wilmer, of Baltimore.

A large portrait of Mrs. Monroe was painted by Benjamin West when she was in London in 1796. This portrait, which is described as very beautiful, is signed and dated by the artist. It is also owned by Mrs. Monroe's granddaughter, Mrs. Gouverneur.

Many foreign artists came to America during the later years of the last century. Among these were Archibald and Alexander Robertson, natives of Aberdeen, Scotland, who painted many "portraits in little," especially in and around New York.

Archibald Robertson, the elder brother, had studied at the Royal Academy under Sir Joshua Reynolds, and had earlier than that received instruction from a deaf mute. Miss Emily Robertson, a niece of the artist, mentions this fact, and says that the instructor was probably

Charles Sheriff, a well-known deaf and dumb miniature painter.

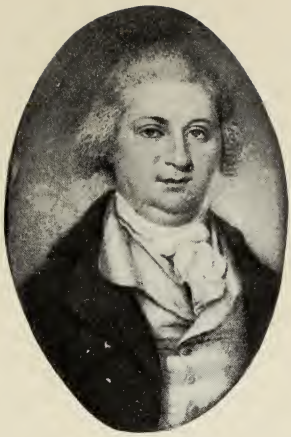
Of Alexander Robertson's coming to America his niece says: "He was invited to visit New York by Dr. Kemp, of Columbia College, Chancellor Livingston, and Dr. Samuel Bard, through the venerable Dr. Gordon, of King's College, Old Aberdeen. The Earl of Buchan, hearing of his intended departure, requested an interview at Edinburgh, and committed to his care a small oak box, four inches long, three broad, and two deep, and an eighth of an inch thick, made of six pieces of the heart of the oak-tree that sheltered Sir William Wallace after the battle of Falkirk. This box the Earl wished to present to General Washington, with the request for his portrait "from the pencil of Mr. Robertson."

The Wallace box had an elegant silver binding, and the lid, opening upon hinges one-third down the side, had a silver plate inside, inscribed: "Presented by the Goldsmiths of Edinburgh to David Stuart Erskine, Earl of Buchan, with the freedom of their Corporation, by their Deacon, 1791."

On the death of Washington, the box was returned to the Earl of Buchan, or his heirs, according to a clause in the President's will.

Of the painting of Robertson's portrait for the Earl of Buchan, Miss Johnston* writes:

* "Original Portraits of Washington," by Elizabeth Bryant Johnston, p. 59.



James Mackubin
By James Peale
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Colonel Tobias Lear
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"When Robertson was ready to execute his commission for the Earl, he spent six weeks at the executive mansion. He deemed it advisable (it having been left to his own discretion) to make his first attempt in miniature on ivory and in water colors. At the same time he painted a miniature of Mrs. Washington. These he retained, leaving them 'to remain in his family as an heirloom, and memorial of his veneration for the great and successful champion of American liberty.' They have descended to his granddaughters, Mrs. C. W. Darling, of Utica, New York, and Mrs. S. M. Mygatt, of New York City, and are remarkable for their beauty and finish as works of art, and are considered as among the finest efforts of this distinguished artist. After succeeding so happily in miniature, Robertson painted a large portrait in oil, corresponding in size to those of a collection of portraits of the most celebrated characters in liberal principles and in useful literature, in the possession of Lord Buchan, at Dryburgh Abbey. When finished, the portrait received Washington's approval, and was sent to Scotland in April, 1792, in care of Colonel Lear, being welcomed with cordial approbation by Lord Buchan."

A miniature portrait of Colonel Tobias Lear, long the private secretary and intimate friend of General Washington, was painted about this time. Whether it was executed in this country or during Colonel Lear's visit to the Old World, of which Miss Johnston speaks, is not known.

Archibald Robertson, who had shown great reluctance at the thought of residing in "such a barbarous country as the United States," was so well pleased with his success in the home of the red man that he soon sent for a younger brother to join him.

Alexander Robertson had had the benefit of some instruction in London, which fact was duly set forth in an elaborate card that appeared in one of the New York journals, in which it was announced that "Archibald Robertson, Limner," and Alexander Robertson, his brother, would give instruction in painting and drawing at the Columbian Academy, No. 89 William Street, New York.*

A third brother, Andrew, who became far the best miniature painter of the family, remained at home, where, through his own exertions and the generosity of his brothers, he was able to have lessons from good masters. It was for the benefit of this younger brother that Archibald Robertson wrote his treatise upon the art

* Walter Robertson, an Irish artist, came to the United States in 1793, in the same ship with Gilbert Stuart. He seems to have borne no relation to the brothers Archibald and Alexander Robertson. While in Philadelphia Walter Robertson painted a miniature portrait of Washington, which Robert Field, himself a miniature painter, pronounced "a good likeness and as fine a piece of painting as I ever saw." This portrait, which, said Mr. Baker, is known to us only through the engraving by Field, is surrounded by an elaborate decoration in scroll work by Barralet. Walter Robertson afterwards went to the East Indies, where he died.

of miniature painting, which was extensively circulated in the last century and became the *vade mecum* of some American miniaturists of the period.

A "painter in little" whose work is to be found in many old families, North and South, was John Ramage. This Irish artist was painting miniatures in Boston before the Revolution, where he afterwards joined the Royal Irish Volunteers. Mr. Ramage left Boston with the British army, and later established himself on William Street, New York, where, says Mr. Dunlap, "he continued to be the best artist in his branch for many years after. Mr. Ramage painted in crayons or pastile, the size of life. His miniatures were in the line style, as opposed to the dotted. . . . Mr. Ramage was a handsome man of the middle size, with an intelligent countenance and lively eye. He dressed fashionably and, according to the time, beauishly. A scarlet coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, a white silk waistcoat embroidered with colored flowers, black satin breeches and paste knee-buckles, white silk stockings, large silver buckles in his shoes, a small cocked hat covering the upper portion of his well-powdered locks, leaving the curls at the ears displayed, a gold-headed cane and gold snuff-box, completed his costume."

That Mr. Ramage was in New York in the early months of the first administration is proved by an entry in the diary of the President; for, like all painters of the time, the

goal of his desire was to produce a portrait of Washington:

"*Saturday the 3rd* [*of October, 1789*].—Sat for Mr. Ramage near two hours to-day, who was drawing a miniature picture of me for Mrs. Washington." *

Ramage painted not only many distinguished soldiers and statesmen of the time, but many of the belles and beauties of the Republican Court. Elbridge Gerry and his handsome wife, born Ann Thompson; her sister, Mrs. Isaac Coles; and William Few, United States Senator from Georgia, and his wife, were all painted in miniature by this artist.

Some of these miniatures, in addition to their artistic attractions, possess considerable historical interest, as those of Alexander Macomb and his beautiful wife, Catharine Navarre. This lovely lady, who was one of the belles of the inauguration ball in 1789, derived her name from a remote ancestress, Catharine de Navarre, the mother of Jeanne d'Albret. Robert Navarre, the father of Mrs. Alexander Macomb, was directly descended from Antoine de Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme and King of Navarre. Robert Navarre was sent to Fort Pontchartrain in 1730 as sub-intendant and royal notary by the French government, and here he married Mary Lootman, whose grandfather, Willibrord Lootman, a Hollander,

* This miniature is in the possession of Mrs. Moses S. Beach, of Peekskill, New York.



Mrs. Alexander Macomb
By John Ramage
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General John J. Van Rensselaer
By John Ramage
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went to Canada in 1665 as secretary, councillor, and general agent of the East India Company.* Catharine Navarre, the seventh child of this marriage, became the wife of Alexander Macomb, son of John Macomb. Although of Scotch descent, the Macombs, or MacCoombies, had settled in County Antrim, Ireland, whence John Macomb came to Albany in 1755, bringing with him two sons, William and Alexander. Catharine Navarre Macomb died in November, 1789, at the age of thirty-two, leaving nine children. One son was the distinguished Major-General Macomb; another son, John, married Christina Livingston; a daughter, Jane, married the Honorable Robert Kennedy, son of the Earl of Cassilis, of Ayrshire, Scotland; and Ann Macomb married William Wilson, whose daughter, Mrs. Daniel L. Trumbull, owns the lovely miniature of her ancestress, Catharine Navarre Macomb.

After his wife's death, Mr. Macomb rented his house on Broadway to President Washington. He afterwards married Janet Marshall, whose portrait, by Saint Memin, is in the Corcoran Gallery, in Washington. The same artist engraved a head of Alexander Macomb, which is owned by his granddaughter, Mrs. Julia S. Dinsmore, of Boone County, Kentucky.

* "Navarre; or, Researches after the Descendants of Robert Navarre, whose Ancestors are the noble Bourbons of France," by Christian Denissen.

Mr. Ramage painted a miniature of General John Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, grandson of Johannes Van Rensselaer, second Patroon of the Eastern Manor and Claverack.* This gentleman, who was the third and last Patroon of the manors that had been in his family for several generations, married Catharine Glen, of Scotia, near Schenectady, New York. It is quaintly recorded in the family Bible that John Jeremiah Van Rensselaer "*Getrout met* Catharine Glen, j. d. (*jonge dochter*) of Johannes Glen."

This couple lived in the old mansion, formerly called Fort Craik, in Greenbush, New York, opposite Albany. It was at the back of this house, which was built in 1637, of brick brought from Holland, and near the old well, that one of the many ingenious "origins" of "Yankee Doodle" has been located. In this account the authorship of the popular air is attributed to Surgeon Shuckburg, who was quartered with General Abercrombie in the Van Rensselaer mansion.

General Van Rensselaer was noted for his hospitality and good humor, and that he possessed a full share of presence of mind is proved by the following incident: "One day, while sitting in his study in the old mansion,

* The name of the weeping prophet was sufficiently popular in the Van Rensselaer family to have caused confusion. Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, Lieutenant-Governor of New York, an own cousin of General John Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, was living at the same time.

a member of his regiment called to see him, and was ushered in. The man shut the door behind him, then advanced, shook hands with his host, and talked of general topics for awhile. He noticed the General's sword hanging above his desk, and, reaching up, took it down and drew it from the scabbard, felt its edge, and then, turning to him suddenly, said, 'Say a prayer,—a short one,—quick! quick! as I am going to cut off your head.' The General, turning to the man, saw that his eyes were blazing with the fury of a maniac, and, looking him steadily in the eyes, said, 'What! you, a good soldier, going to murder your own General!' The man still persisted, when the General said, keeping his eyes on him all the time, 'Well, if you must do it, let me see if the sword is sharp enough.' The man obediently handed him the sword; the old gentleman threw it away, and, seizing the madman, held him until help arrived."

A French artist, who bore the high-sounding name of Charles Balthazar Julien Fevret de Saint Memin, to which Louis XVIII. afterwards added the unsubstantial title of lieutenant-colonel in the French army, came to America from Switzerland in 1793. Saint Memin landed in Canada, and afterwards lived in New York and Philadelphia, where he applied himself to the construction of a machine for the making of profiles with mathematical accuracy. A French engraver, named Queneday, had invented a machine for this purpose, and

Saint Memin constructed his from his recollection of Queneday's physionotrace.

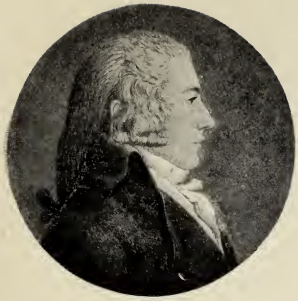
Saint Memin's profiles, as we are familiar with them to-day, have the effect of fine engravings made from miniature portraits. They were in reality first drawn life-size on flesh-tinted paper by the physionotrace, and were afterwards finished in crayon.*

The pantograph reduced the large profiles to the size required for the plate, the portrait being drawn in a perfect circle a little more than two inches in diameter. Having thus obtained a correct outline, the details were worked up by the graver, the shadows being finished with a roulette, which was one of M. de Saint Memin's inventions.

Mr. Peale, at whose house Saint Memin was intimate, as were many French emigrants who came to Philadelphia at this time, speaks of his work as allied to mezzotint, and says that his custom was to give a certain number of copies of the profile with the copper plate.

By means of his ingenious process, M. de Saint Memin executed about eight hundred portraits. Mr. William Loring Andrews

* Although many of the small Saint Memin engravings are preserved in old families and in collections, the life-size profiles are quite rare. One of Christopher Grant Champlin, of Newport, is in the possession of Mrs. George C. Mason, of Philadelphia; Mr. Charles Bradford, of West Chester, owns one of Miss Mary Caldwell, of Philadelphia; and Mrs. James M. Longacre has one of a Revolutionary ancestor, Captain Joseph Barker, of Delaware.



Dr. Archibald Bruce



Christopher Grant Champlin

By Charles B. J. F. de Saint Memin

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Eleanor Clifton

By Charles B. J. F. de Saint Memin

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speaks of Saint Memin as "a remarkably prolific French artist, who began to draw and engrave miniatures in New York, Philadelphia, and as far south as Charleston. The larger number of them are family portraits of highly respectable nobodies in particular, chiefly residents of the City of Brotherly Love;" yet in the list of Saint Memin's engravings we find many distinguished names. Portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Chancellor Livingston, Thomas Sedgwick, Charles Carroll, Richard Bassett, Elias Boudinot, and of many other well-known men, North and South, were engraved by Saint Memin. He also engraved a portrait of Christopher Grant Champlin, who upon different occasions served his native State in both the Senate and the House of Representatives, and of Dr. Archibald Bruce, a well-known New York physician, who lived on Bayard Street in the days when that street was a fashionable locality. Dr. Bruce was the author of several scientific books which were much thought of in his day, but, as science is a changeful and fickle mistress, are little known at the present time.

Among the lovely women whose features have been preserved to us by this French artist are Mrs. Brockholst Livingston, Theodosia Burr, Miss Cornelia Schuyler, Mrs. De Witt Clinton, and Miss Eleanor Clifton. The latter was a reigning belle in Philadelphia during the British occupation of that city. Her original invitation to participate in the

festivity known as the Meschianza, signed by Sir Henry Calder, is still preserved in her family, with a letter written in November, 1777, by her sister, Miss Anna Maria Clifton, to Sir William Howe. In this letter Miss Clifton entreats General Howe, in language both dignified and pathetic, to exempt her and her sister from having any officers quartered in their house, pleading that, "unprotected as we are, without a gentleman in our family, the inconveniences arising from this obligation must immediately recur to your Excellency. At a time like this I would not request an exemption from any necessary order, but the peculiarity of our situation makes it impossible to do otherwise."

It is pleasant to know that Sir William Howe was not deaf to the appeal of beauty in distress, as a note made on Miss Clifton's letter relates that "The next morning Captain M., one of the General's aides-de-camp, brought us a protection signed by Sir William Howe, and an order to the same purpose which he was to leave at the barrack-master's office for us and our property."

In the latter years of the century, Robert Fulton, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to whom the arts were dear as well as mechanics, was painting portraits and miniatures. Fulton urged upon his native State the importance of securing for Philadelphia, as the nucleus of an art gallery, a full collection of West's pictures. The "Lear" and "Ophelia" he bought himself



Mrs. David Hayfield Conyngham
By Robert Fulton
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Mrs. John Fishbourne Mifflin
By William Birch
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and presented to the New York association of artists.

Although Fulton went to London to study art with Benjamin West, and painted portraits in Devonshire for some months, his mind soon turned towards that for which it had the strongest affinity. While in England he became interested in the improvement of inland navigation, made the acquaintance of the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Stanhope, and other scientists, obtained several patents from the British government, and, during eighteen months spent in Birmingham, improved his knowledge of mechanics in the great workshops of that city.

Among Fulton's miniatures is one of Mary West, of Philadelphia, who married David Hayfield Conyngham. This tiny head, which is set in a ring, is said to have been painted with the lady's own hair, cut fine and put on with a brush. A memorial of the devotion of the artist to Mary West is this quaint and curious miniature.

Mr. Fulton painted a miniature of Dr. Franklin, whose strong, benevolent face was delineated by every artist of note at home and abroad. Fulton's miniature was painted in the latter years of Dr. Franklin's life. The most interesting of the miniatures of the great philosopher and statesman is one by a French artist, Joseph Sifrède Duplessis, now owned by his great-granddaughter, Mrs. E. D. Gillespie.

Robert Fulton also painted a portrait of his

life-long friend, Joel Barlow, and some heads in crayon. One of these is of Margaret Ross, a pretty girl of sixteen, taken in fancy dress. Of her sister, Clementina Ross, William Birch made a miniature in enamel. Clementina Ross was a daughter of Clementina Cruikshank and John Ross, and a sister of Mrs. George Plumsted and Mrs. Samuel Breck. Mrs. John Ross was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, whence her parents emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1745. Her father, Captain Cruikshank, lived at "Clifton Hall," a country place seven miles from Philadelphia, which was afterwards known as the "Grange Farm."

At the age of nineteen Clementina Ross married John Fishbourne Mifflin, of Philadelphia, who was a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, a member of the American Philosophical Society, and one of the executors of the estate of Governor John Penn. Mr. Mifflin lived far enough back in history to have been baptized by the Reverend Jacob Duché, and to have had Bishop White for his sponsor in baptism.

It was Dr. Duché's elegant appearance in the pulpit that led Miss Sarah Eve to discourse upon parsons and powder, and to wonder "why such an exemplary man as Dr. Duché should sit every day and have his hair powdered by a barber. But," she adds, as her conclusion of the whole matter, "what would a parson be without powder? It is as necessary to him as to a soldier, for it gives a more significant

shake to his head, and is as a priming to his words and looks."*

William Birch, who executed a number of miniature portraits and scenes in enamel, was an Englishman, who came to America in 1794. An enamel by him of Joseph Welsh is preserved in the family, and is signed "W. B., 1796." Birch's enamel of Washington is said to bear a strong likeness to the original, although reproduced from Trott's replica in miniature of Stuart's portrait of Washington.

Thomas Birch, the son of William, was a landscape painter. To him the present generation is indebted for the many paintings in water-color which he made of old country-seats and historic buildings in the Middle and Southern Colonies, especially in and around Philadelphia.

That Daniel Huntington, who painted the large canvas of the Republican Court, also executed portraits in miniature, is proved by the possession in the Jay family of an exquisite medallion by him of lovely Mrs. John Jay, of New York, wife of the Chief Justice. Pine also painted a rustic picture of Mrs. Jay and her two children, in which her face is

* Thomas Spence Duché, a son of the Reverend Dr. Duché, studied with Benjamin West in London, and painted some portraits. Those by which he is best known in this country are of two early dignitaries of the American Church, Bishop Provoost, of New York, and Bishop Seabury, of Connecticut. The latter portrait is well known through Sharpe's engraving of it.

charming, but her figure somewhat out of proportion.

Of this English artist, Robert Edge Pine, Mr. Peale tells a curious story. He says that when Pine made his studies for a series of American historical pictures, he made careful sketches of the heads of the individuals whom he intended to represent, but of the figures he unfortunately neglected to secure drawings. "The consequence," says Mr. Peale, "was as may be supposed; he had forgot the size and bulk of the several personages, and thus, unfortunately, he made some small or slim figures where the originals were large and bulky, and, on the contrary, some were painted of a large figure when, in reality, the person whom the picture was intended to represent was rather of a smaller size. When he began to put his figures together, remarkable effects were produced, the head of a large man, for instance, being put on a small body. The result was a total failure of the historical painting."

Whatever may have been Pine's defects in drawing, he seems to have been an admirable colorist. A number of his paintings were taken to Boston, where they were, unfortunately, destroyed in the conflagration of the Bowen Museum, but not until they had served the valuable end of giving lessons to Washington Allston. This artist wrote, years after, "In the coloring of figures, the pictures of Pine, in the Columbian Museum in Boston, were my

first masters." It was in reply to a request of Mr. Francis Hopkinson, with regard to having his portrait painted by Mr. Pine, that Washington wrote his celebrated letter, beginning, "In for a penny, in for a pound," in which he said of himself that he was at first as restive in the painter's hands as a colt is of the saddle, but, having grown more accustomed to it, "no dray horse moves more readily to the thill than I to the Painter's Chair."

As an illustration of the change of feeling in America with regard to statuary, Judge Joseph Hopkinson wrote of Mr. Pine, some years after his death: "He brought with him a plaster cast of the Venus de Médicis, which was kept *shut up in a case*, and only shown to persons who particularly wished to see it, as the manners of our country *at that time* would not tolerate the exhibition of such a figure."

Adolph Ulric Wertmüller, a Swede by birth, came to America in 1794. He was a member of the Royal Academies of Sculpture and Painting at Paris and Stockholm, and accomplished some excellent work in this country. His noble and dignified portrait of Washington, now owned by Mr. John Wagner, of Philadelphia, is sufficiently like the best portraits of the Commander-in-Chief to recommend itself as a likeness. Through this portrait and his celebrated "Danae receiving Jupiter in a Shower of Gold," which is one of the most remarkable examples of purity in

nude composition in America,* Wertmüller is best known in the United States.

Mr. Dunlap says that Wertmüller married a lady of Swedish descent, who brought him considerable property; and Mr. Charles Henry Hart has recently proved that this lady was a granddaughter of Gustavus Hesselius, the early Swedish artist.

Although Wertmüller seems to have painted no miniatures, he, like James Sharples, executed small, fine portraits in crayon or oil. One of these small portraits, of Elizabeth Coates Butler, by Wertmüller, is owned by Mrs. T. de la Roche Ellis, of Philadelphia. This portrait, larger than the ordinary miniature and painted upon wood, is so fine in color and finish that it may very properly be classed with miniature work.

* This beautiful painting is now owned by Mr. Heaton, of New Haven, Connecticut.

CHAPTER V. MALBONE AND FRASER

WHAT Gilbert Stuart was to the larger portraiture of America, such was Edward Greene Malbone to the miniature work of his native land. Under his delicate and skilful touch the American miniature, whatever may have been its sporadic excellence in the hands of earlier artists, won for itself a place beside the work of the best French and English limners.

Like Stuart, Malbone was born and spent his early years in the State of Rhode Island. From childhood his ambition was to become an artist. He frequented the theatre, attracted by the color and light, and was especially interested in the effect of the scenery by lamplight and the shifting of the pictures.

The frequency of the boy's visits to the theatre, and the eagerness with which he examined everything belonging to the scenery, attracted the attention of an artist who was working on the scenes, and, to Malbone's great delight, he was allowed to assist the scene painter with chalk and brush. After this he was encouraged to ask for permission to paint a scene, which request was granted.

Of his first step in a branch of art so different from that in which he was destined to become

famous, Malbone's sister, Mrs. Whitehorne, wrote:

"This [scene] was much applauded, and it was so novel a thing for such a boy, that it drew crowded houses. I never heard of any lessons in drawing, engagement as assistant, or any compensation, (excepting a general ticket of admission) until I met with it in the *Analectic Magazine;* nor were his family circumstances so humble, but that his father could at any time have placed him in a different situation, had not the object been rather to discourage than promote his natural pursuits. It is true that his family, from a combination of unhappy events, were living in retirement, and suffering an accumulation of evils, not however of a pecuniary nature, but from which resulted the operating cause of the neglect of his early education; this was the only misfortune, respecting himself, that I ever heard him lament. He was now generally engaged in his own room, taking but little interest in what was passing around him, daily experience proving that his mind was wholly bent upon perfecting himself in the art of painting. About the age of sixteen, he painted upon paper Thomas Lawrence, which was so universally admired by every person of taste who saw it, that his father could no longer shut his eyes to his decided talent, but, having neither drawing nor painting masters in Newport, he sent the picture by a friend to Philadelphia, to a French artist (with a request to receive him as a pupil)

who was so much struck with the performance that he immediately replied, 'De boy would take de bread out of my mouth,' requiring several years' services and so exorbitant a sum of money, that his father did not think proper to comply with his terms, flattering himself that some opportunity would present of placing him to more advantage. But this spirit of procrastination not being in accordance with the youth's feelings, at seventeen he determined to throw himself upon his own resources. Communicating his plans to no one but myself, he proposed a visit to Providence, and immediately brought himself before the public as a miniature painter, and so warmly was he received, that several weeks passed away before he apprised his father of the step he had taken. He now wrote a letter to his father, and two to myself, which I regret its not being in my power to forward, having sought for them in vain; they were worth preserving, as they expressed his hopes and views for the future so powerfully, and, at the same time, so much filial obedience to his father's wishes."

Although Mrs. Whitehorne speaks of there being no drawing or painting masters in Newport at this time, Samuel King was living there during the youth of Malbone, and we learn elsewhere that he and Washington Allston learned the rudiments of art from King.

One of the most fortunate circumstances in Malbone's life was his meeting with Washington Allston. A similarity of taste and senti-

ment drew these two young men together in a friendship which lasted during the life of the younger artist and was of great advantage to both. In 1800 Malbone and Allston went to Charleston together, where they met Charles Fraser, who, although then practising law, was devoted to art. In Charleston Malbone painted many miniatures; those of two sisters, Sarah Alicia and Decima Cecilia Shubrick, are very charming. The latter was painted in her bridal dress, with a tiara of pearls in her hair, which was sent to her from England as a wedding gift by her godmother, Mrs. Rutledge. At nineteen Decima Cecilia Shubrick, who was lovely in character as she was beautiful in person, married James H. Heyward, of Charleston, a son of Thomas Heyward, Junior, signer of the Declaration from South Carolina and a leader of the Revolutionary party in his native State. Sarah Alicia Shubrick married Mr. Paul Trapier, of Charleston. This Paul Trapier was descended from an ancestor of the same name who emigrated from Grenoble, in Dauphiny, France, to Charleston in 1685, and there married Elizabeth du Gué, who had reached Charleston in 1680, after a singular and adventurous voyage. Family tradition says that Elizabeth, the daughter of Jacques du Gué, being, like many other Protestants, forbidden to leave France, was concealed by her friends in a hogshead marked "Poterie," and in it rolled down to the wharf and put on board a vessel that was about to sail for America.



James H. Heyward



Mrs. James H. Heyward

By Edward Greene Malbone

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While in Charleston, during his first visit and his later residence there, Malbone painted miniatures of the Pinckneys, Sinklers, Manigaults, Hugers, Middletons, Rutledges, Poinsetts, Izards, and other South Carolinians. Mrs. Ralph Izard, whose handsome, high-bred face has come down to this generation upon the canvases of Gainsborough and Copley, was painted in miniature by Malbone.

After spending the winter in Charleston, Malbone and his friend Washington Allston embarked for London, where they met with a most cordial reception from Benjamin West, then president of the Royal Academy. Here Malbone painted his celebrated picture of three lovely female figures moving in a circle, representing the past, the present, and the future, which is known as "The Hours." This small painting upon ivory is exquisite in composition and color. West said that no man in England could excel it and some of the miniature portraits which Malbone painted while in London. It has been said that "The Hours" was not an entirely original conception. Charles Fraser said that Malbone himself told him that the idea of this painting was suggested by one of Shelly's,* but that he had always understood the composition to be Malbone's.†

* This was Samuel Shelley, a celebrated English miniature painter, whom Edward Malbone ranked with Cosway in the excellence of his work.

† This picture is now in the Athenæum at Providence, Rhode Island.

To copy from others would seem to have been a failing in which Malbone had little temptation to indulge, as originality in composition and treatment is one of the strongest characteristics of his painting. This is proved by the excellence of his early work, when he had had little instruction. Those who have carefully studied Malbone's earlier and later miniatures agree that in style and manner they are substantially the same, and that those painted after his return from Europe are to be distinguished only by their superior delicacy of touch and greater apparent facility of execution.

Two of Malbone's earlier miniatures are those of Mr. and Mrs. William Dana, of Boston, painted about 1799, which are remarkable for their beauty and finish. Mr. Dana was a son of Benjamin Dana, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and a descendant of Richard Dana, who was one of the early settlers of that town. William Dana married Eliza Davis, daughter of Major Robert Davis, who was one of those who threw the tea overboard in Boston harbor. When the American soldiers followed the retreating British to the outlet of the harbor, Major Davis sent a messenger to his wife bearing to her the joyful tidings written on the back of a barrel-head, the only stationery then at hand. Eliza Davis Dana, who was a beautiful and accomplished woman, was married three times, although she died at the early age of twenty-eight. After the death



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of Mr. William Dana, in 1802, she married Mr. Thomas Chandler, of Worcester, Massachusetts, and after his death, in 1804, she married Mr. James Rowan, of Boston.

Among other charming faces painted by Malbone were those of Mrs. Benjamin Hazard, a daughter of Major Lyman, of Newport, and of Martha Coffin, who married Richard C. Derby, of Salem, Massachusetts. The sweet, girlish eyes that look forth from Malbone's miniature of Martha Coffin were once conversant with the home life of Mount Vernon, and met those of its master and mistress in the pleasant familiarity of daily intercourse. Martha Coffin and Elizabeth Bordley were both schoolmates of Nellie Custis at Annapolis, and frequently accompanied her to her home to spend their vacations. From them have come down many stories of gayety and brightness, of dancing and merrymaking, which the stately host and hostess of Mount Vernon seem to have enjoyed as much as their girl guests.

The intimacy between these three young women lasted during their lives, as is proved by a later interchange of letters, verses, and portraits. Miss Bordley, who married James Gibson, of Philadelphia, sent her portrait to Mrs. Richard C. Derby, with some sprightly verses, in exchange for which she received a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Derby by Gilbert Stuart; while some verses written for Mrs. Gibson by lovely Nellie Custis, long after

she was married to Lawrence Lewis, are still preserved.

No more interesting subjects engaged the brush of Malbone than the fair faces of a group of girls who were intimate friends, although living at what was considered a great distance in those days of slow travel. Two of these girls were sisters, Rebecca and Rachel Gratz, of Philadelphia, and their New York friends were Eliza Fenno and Matilda Hoffman. Rebecca Gratz, who possessed a bright mind as well as a beautiful face, was an intimate friend of Mrs. Hoffman, the stepmother of Matilda Hoffman, and while visiting at her house met many members of the brilliant circle which gave New York literary distinction in the early years of the present century. This circle included such writers as William Cullen Bryant, Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, Joseph Rodman Drake, Fitz-Greene Halleck, James Kirke Paulding, Gulian Crommelin Verplanck, George P. Morris, Charles Fenno Hoffman, the author of "Sparkling and Bright;" John Inman, a brother of Henry, the artist; and Henry T. Tuckerman, who wrote so pleasantly about the art fraternity.

Mr. Verplanck was associated with Mr. Bryant and Mr. Robert C. Sands in editing "The Talisman," an annual which survived for three years, to which the two editors made the principal contributions. Mr. Verplanck also contributed to the *Analectic Magazine*, edited by Irving.



Mrs. Gulian C. Verplanck
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Matilda Hoffman
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In 1811 he married Eliza Fenno, a daughter of John Ward Fenno* and a sister of Mrs. Jeremiah Ogden Hoffman.

Eliza Fenno's miniature was painted in her early girlhood, when she is described as rarely beautiful, with light chestnut hair and soft blue eyes. Several of Mrs. Verplanck's letters written to her husband are still preserved, and, although characterized by the sprightliness natural to a happy girl, give evidence of thoughtfulness beyond her years.

Mr. Bryant, in his memoirs of his friend, Gulian Verplanck, read before the New York Historical Society, said:

"He lived with his young wife five [six] years, and she bore him two sons, one of whom died at the age of thirty and the other has become the father of a numerous family. Her health failing, he took her to Europe in the hope that it might be restored by a change of air, but, after languishing awhile, she died at Paris in the year 1817. She sleeps in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, among monuments inscribed with words strange to her childhood, while he, after surviving her for sixty-three years, yet never forgetting her, is laid in the ancestral burying-ground, and the Atlantic Ocean rolls between their graves."

A lovely miniature of Mrs. Verplanck was

* John Ward Fenno came originally from Boston, and was sometime proprietor of the *United States Gazette*, published in Philadelphia.

found in her husband's desk after his death, with some of her letters and locks of her sunny brown hair.

Washington Irving was a frequent and informal visitor at the house of Mr. Jeremiah Ogden Hoffman, and at the age of twenty-six was engaged to his daughter Matilda.

The story of Irving's growing affection for this girl of sixteen and the impression made upon his heart by her lovely and ingenuous character were, years after, described by him in a letter to a friend: "We saw each other every day, and I became excessively attached to her. Her shyness wore off by degrees. The more I saw of her the more I had reason to admire her. Her mind seemed to unfold leaf by leaf, and every time to discover new sweetness. Nobody knew her so well as I, for she was generally timid and silent; but I, in a manner, studied her excellence. Never did I meet with more intuitive rectitude of mind, more native delicacy, more exquisite propriety in word, thought, and action, than in this young creature. I am not exaggerating; what I say was acknowledged by all who knew her. Her brilliant little sister used to say that people began by admiring her, but ended by loving Matilda. For my part, I idolized her. I felt at times rebuked by her superior delicacy and purity, and as if I was a coarse, unworthy being in comparison."

Washington Irving was, at the time of his engagement to Matilda Hoffman, a struggling

young writer, engaged upon the "History of New York, from the Beginning of the World until the End of the Dutch Dynasty," which was destined to make him famous. From its humorous pages he turned to meet the greatest sorrow of his life, the death of Matilda Hoffman. He says:

"I saw her fade rapidly away; beautiful, and more beautiful, and more angelical to the last. I was often by her bedside; and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet, natural, and affecting eloquence that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before. For three days and nights I did not leave the house, and scarcely slept. I was by her when she died; all the family were assembled round her, some praying, others weeping, for she was adored by them all. I was the last one she looked upon. I have told you as briefly as I could what, if I were to tell with all the incidents and feelings that accompanied it, would fill volumes. She was but about seventeen years old when she died."

These lines were written in reply to the question why he did not marry, asked Irving, years after, by an intimate friend, Mrs. Foster. He added:

"'I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on; it would continually recur to what it had lost; and whenever there was a

pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement, I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret; I could not even mention her name; but her image was continually before me, and I dreamt of her incessantly.'

"After his death, in a private repository, of which he always kept the key, was found a lovely miniature, a braid of fair hair, and a slip of paper, on which was written in his own hand, 'Matilda Hoffman;' and with these treasures were several pages of a memorandum in ink, long since faded. He kept through life her Bible and Prayer-Book; they were placed nightly under his pillow in the first days of anguish that followed her loss, and ever after they were the inseparable companions of all his wanderings."*

During the illness of Matilda Hoffman, Rebecca Gratz nursed her with devoted care, and ever after a warm friendship existed between Washington Irving and the beautiful Jewess. The story of Irving's conversations with Walter Scott, in which he described to him the beauty and loveliness of Rebecca Gratz, and thus led to the portrayal of one of the noblest of the novelist's characters, has often been told. We think of Rebecca Gratz, beautiful, beloved, fit heroine for a romance of the days of chivalry, forgetting the years of

* "Life of Washington Irving," by Charles Dudley Warner.

self-sacrifice and devotion that followed her brilliant youth, when works of charity and philanthropy engaged her time and thoughts.

There were few benevolent institutions of her day in the city of her birth that did not enjoy the benefit of Rebecca Gratz's judicious counsel and earnest service.

In Hebrew and Christian charities she labored with equal zeal, being one of the founders of the Jewish Foster Home, of the Female Benevolent Association, and of the Philadelphia Orphan Society. For fifty years she was upon the board of management of the latter institution, acting as its secretary during most of this time. The crowning work of the life of Rebecca Gratz, in the estimation of her own people, was the founding of the Jewish Sabbath-schools of Philadelphia. In these schools, begun in 1838, when Miss Gratz was nearly sixty years of age, prayers of her own composition were used, and in consequence of the instruction there received many men and women of her race still rise up and call her blessed.

Miss Gratz lived to the age of eighty-eight years, and until her eightieth year was actively engaged in the works of benevolence in which her generous heart delighted. Her niece, Mrs. Alfred Mordecai, in writing for her family an account of the varied and useful career of her aunt, closes her record with these appropriate words from the Book, which was Rebecca Gratz's guide through the years of her long

life: "Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

When Malbone came to Philadelphia he brought letters of introduction to Miss Rebecca Gratz from her friend, Mrs. J. Ogden Hoffman. Through Miss Gratz he obtained so many orders that he painted a miniature of her younger sister, Rachel, which he took to Mrs. Hoffman as a present. Rachel Gratz was a beautiful blonde, while Rebecca Biddle, an intimate friend and neighbor of the two sisters, had hair and eyes as dark as those of Rebecca Gratz. A story is told of a call made at a friend's house by Rebecca Biddle and Rachel Gratz, where a lady was visiting who prided herself upon always recognizing a Jewess, under whatever circumstances she might appear. After Miss Gratz and Miss Biddle had left the room, the hostess turned to her friend and challenged her to say which of the two girls was of Jewish birth. "The dark-eyed beauty, of course," was the reply; and it was with much difficulty that the expert was convinced that she had made a mistake, and that the lovely blonde with whom she had conversed was in reality the Jewess.

It was of this Rebecca Biddle that her cousin, Nicholas Biddle, a celebrated wit, who "dropped occasionally into poetry," wrote some humorous verses. Colonel and Mrs. Clement Biddle were, with their family, spending the summer at the Robin Hood Tavern, about five miles from Philadelphia. Of the



Rachel Gratz



Rebecca Gratz

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composition of these verses, Mr. Nicholas Biddle, who was visiting Colonel and Mrs. Clement Biddle, wrote:

"After I had gone to bed, the family were waked up by the eldest son, Thomas Biddle, who came with news that his eldest sister, Mary, who was absent from home, had that afternoon gone over the Schuylkill to the Hut, I think it was called, where Mr. and Mrs. William Willing lived, and had there been married to Mr. Thomas Cadwalader. They had been for some time previous engaged, but an opposition on the part of his family prevented the union, till the young people took the matter into their own hands, and settled the affair this afternoon. They did well, for among my acquaintances I have known no one [marriage] more judicious or productive of more mutual happiness than this. The next morning I returned homewards, but, stopping at a country-seat of my father's in Islington Lane, I found an old scrap of paper, on which I indited the following:*

"THE ELECTION OF REBECCA,

"SET FORTH IN VERIE LAMENTABLE RHYMES.

"OLYMPUS RECORD,
"June 25, 1804.

"The Gods of Olympus this night had sat late
Discussing at length the affairs of the State,

* These verses are now used for the first time, through the courtesy of the Honorable Craig Biddle, of Philadelphia.

When Venus, quite breathless, burst open the door,
And 'Miss Biddle,' she loudly exclaimed, 'is no more!'
Each God was affrighted, but Venus went on,
'I speak only the truth, she has indeed gone,
But she's gone to the arms of her fortunate lover,
And her cares and anxieties now are all over;
No longer shall fears her soft bosom molest,
But a blessing to all, she herself shall be blest,
And her life, which the good shall forever approve,
Shall be true as her feelings and pure as her love.'
When the rapture of joy had begun to subside,
'Twas moved her successor they now should provide;
The motion was carried,—old Jove took the chair,
And stated the case with a Congressman's air.

"'By a law of King Saturn, my friends, 'tis decreed
That the next single sister should always succeed;
As a matter of course, then, I trust you will see
That henceforward Rebecca Miss Biddle must be.'
To adopt this advice the whole council inclined,
When Juno rose up and thus spoke out her mind:
'I know you all love her, and yet I declare
I don't think this Rebecca's a girl worth a hair.
She's ugly, she's ignorant, thinks she's a wit,
Always trying a pun which she never can hit;
She's saucy, ill-tempered, and always in strife,
And to vex all her friends seems the aim of her life.
In short, if you choose her 'twill give me more pain
Than to witness the woes of a long inter-reign.'
'To this judgment,' said Bacchus, 'I give my support;
I don't like the girl, for she never drinks port;
Besides, she's a thief, though I ne'er could detect her;
Yet her lips and her breath prove the loss of our nectar.'
At these slanders so false, the whole heavens took fire,
And Venus first vented her terrible ire:
'Shall that face and that form which would honor a throne,
Which the Queen of the loves would be happy to own,

Shall those eyes which intoxicate more than the bowl,
All beaming with spirit, all glowing with soul,
Shall the grace and the sweetness her manners combine,
Which make her so lovely, and just not divine,—
Shall these be unnoticed? Ah, when my son's dart,
Defying her caution, shall reach that young heart,
New beauties, new lightnings, shall flash in those eyes,
And Juno, tho' jealous, applaud to the skies.'
Minerva defended the maiden's strong mind,
Which genius enlightened and study refined;
That although her fine spirits might sometimes be wild,
Yet her heart was as true as her temper was mild,
And the world might be searched ere again we should find
A daughter so loving, a sister so kind.
Momus rose, with a grin, and swore Juno was crazy,
Or had only seen Beck when the weather was hazy;
For his part, he vowed, since he last had the glass
All he saw was eclipsed by this exquisite lass;
That she never sat still, but had something to say,
And in frolic and fun would delight the whole day;
And if ever her wit seemed to wound a weak friend,
To injure a soul she could never intend.
'And though, Mr. Chairman, her sister has merit,
Yet Rebecca for me, sir,—ah! she has the spirit.'
Convinced by this evidence, Juno relented,
And Bacchus to vote in her favor consented.
Great Jove put the question—*nem. con.* 'twas agreed
That Rebecca to Mary should quickly succeed.
Some thought she'd refuse, but the notion was scouted,
And 'Rebecca's Miss Biddle!' through Olympus was shouted.
The Gods then, unanimous, gave their permission
That I, the Grand Scribe, should make out a commission.

"All hail, then, Miss Biddle! but do not long tarry;
Soon give up your title and (you know whom) marry.

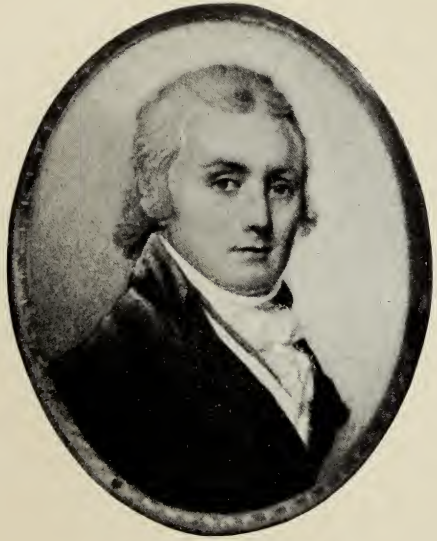
"ISLINGTON LANE."

The lover to whom Mr. Biddle referred was, doubtless, Miss Biddle's future husband, Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, later so celebrated in the medical world, some of whose witty sayings have become proverbs in Philadelphia life.

All these fair girls have passed away, like their brave knights, whose bones are dust, whose good swords rust; and we, looking upon their portraits, may well give thanks to the painters who have left to the world such exquisite memorials of fleeting grace and beauty.

That Malbone could paint fine portraits of men, as well as of women, is proved by miniatures of Richard Kidder Randolph, of Ray Greene, United States Senator from Rhode Island, of General Thomas Cadwalader, of Joseph Kirkbride Milnor, and of Major John Handy, who read the Declaration of Independence from the steps of the State House at Newport in July, 1776. Joseph Milnor, who was too young to take any part in the struggle for independence, was a son of one of the beautiful matrons who received Washington when he passed through Trenton on his journey to the capital, and a nephew of Colonel Joseph Kirkbride, whose handsome country-seat at Bordentown, New Jersey, was destroyed by the British during the Revolution.

Malbone's miniatures possess strong characteristics, which enable those who are familiar with his style to recognize the master's hand at a glance. Of what may be called the in-



Joseph Kirkbride Milnor

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Mrs. Charles Willing Hare

By Edward Greene Malbone

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tellectual and spiritual qualities of his work, which were combined with admirable *technique*, Malbone's friend, Washington Allston, wrote: "He had the happy talent of elevating the character without impairing the likeness. This was remarkable in his male heads, and no woman ever lost beauty under his hand. To this he added a grace of execution all his own." An excellent example of strength and breadth in drawing and composition, combined with an almost ethereal delicacy in expression and color, is a miniature of Mrs. Alexander Bleecker, of New York, whose beauty afforded an inspiring subject for the artist's brush. This miniature was painted at the time of Mrs. Bleecker's marriage, in 1803. The simplicity and sweetness with which Malbone has represented the girl-wife of sixteen render this one of the loveliest of his compositions.

Through a train of circumstances unnecessary to relate, the miniature of Mrs. Bleecker passed into the hands of Mr. Edward Carey, of Philadelphia, who had an engraving of it made for "The Gift" of 1843, where it appeared under the title of "Egeria." A miniature of Alexander Bleecker was painted by Malbone as a companion to that of his wife. These miniatures, like most of Malbone's, are considerably larger than those of an earlier time, yet so graceful was his composition and so exquisite his coloring, that the portrait lost none of its delicacy through this increase in dimensions, while it gained in importance as

a record of the past. This departure with regard to the size of the miniature was followed by Charles Fraser and other artists of the same period. Fraser, who knew Edward Malbone well, said of him:

"His rapid progress convinced him that he had talents, and gave alacrity to his endeavors. Prospects of fame began to open upon his mind, and that propensity, which had hitherto been nourished by the mere force of nature, derived additional vigour from the hopes which increasing reputation and wealth inspired."

It was doubtless this ambition and his devouring passion for work that preyed upon the naturally delicate constitution of Malbone. His death, in 1807, at the age of thirty-two, was an irreparable loss to American art, although "the wonder grows" that Edward Malbone was able to accomplish so much admirable work during the few years in which he practised a profession which he so truly honored.

When Fraser met Malbone, about 1800, the former was in a lawyer's office, although all his tastes and inclinations were in favor of an artistic career. Between this time and 1818, Fraser fluctuated between art and law, until, having amassed a competency by the practice of the latter profession, he felt at liberty to devote himself to the goddess who had wooed him from his boyhood, and to whom he had given his first affections. His marked success in miniature painting in later years adds a note



Colonel William Drayton
By Charles Fraser
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Mary Theodosia Ford
By Charles Fraser
Page 167

of pathos to the artist's own expressions with regard to the more practical career which was urged upon him by his guardians:

"It was to this timid and home-bred feeling (if so I may call it) that I owe the circumstance of not having been educated as an artist. This unfortunate error, by which the destiny of my life was directed,—or, rather, *misdirected*,—will ever be, as it has always been, a source of regret to me."

Joshua Cantir, a Danish artist, was living in Charleston during the boyhood of Charles Fraser, and may have given him some lessons. He himself instructed in the rudiments of drawing a boy whose name was destined to be far better known than his own. Thomas Sully was a schoolmate of Fraser's, who delighted to assist and encourage him in what their schoolmaster doubtless considered a career of idleness.

Although Fraser painted a miniature of the Marquis de Lafayette during his last visit to America, most of his portraits were of South Carolinians. As a proof of the industry of this man, who began his artistic career rather late in life, it has been stated that he painted three hundred and thirteen miniatures.

An excellent example of Fraser's beautiful coloring is to be found in a miniature of Mary Theodosia Ford, painted about 1829. Mary Ford was a granddaughter of Colonel Jacob Ford, of Morristown, New Jersey, whose fine old homestead was used by General Washing-

ton as his headquarters during the winter of 1779 and 1780. Colonel Jacob Ford had died in 1777; but his widow, whose name Mary Ford bore, shared the spacious old mansion with the General and Mrs. Washington. Timothy Ford, the father of Mary, removed from Morristown to Charleston, South Carolina, where he afterwards lived with his family, and where his daughter's miniature was painted.

Another interesting miniature by Fraser, painted about the same time, is that of Colonel William Drayton, who was commissioned first lieutenant in "The Ancient Battalion of Artillery of Charleston," and at the beginning of the War of 1812 was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the Tenth United States Infantry. After representing his native State in Congress for five years, and declining the portfolio of war and the English mission, Colonel Drayton removed to Philadelphia, where he spent the remnant of his days in a house on Portico Row. Colonel Drayton, although averse to the tariff, was distinctly opposed to nullification, and was so far in advance of his time that he freed his numerous slaves before leaving his South Carolina home.

Colonel William Drayton's first wife was Anne Gadsden, of South Carolina; he afterwards married Maria Miles Heyward, daughter of William Heyward, of Charleston. A beautiful miniature of the second Mrs. Drayton was painted by Malbone.

Elkanah Tisdale, John Wesley Jarvis, Robert



Samuel Milligan
By J. Robinson
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James Williams
By Benjamin Trott
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Field, Benjamin Trott, and several other miniaturists were painting at the same time as Malbone and Fraser, the early years of the nineteenth century having been a productive period in the miniature art of America, as were the Revolutionary years and those following them in larger portraiture. In the smaller as in the larger art, a star of the first magnitude appeared in the sky, with many lesser lights following in its train. One of these, who in the quality of work nearly approached Malbone, and in the estimation of some critics excelled him, was Benjamin Trott. Trott was the most distinctly American of our artists, as he was born in this country and never studied abroad. His admirable understanding of color values may have been acquired during his studies with Gilbert Stuart and while copying some of his work in miniature.

Trott's miniatures are characterized by strength and delicacy. One of Mr. James Williams, of Philadelphia, in which the handsome, clearly cut face stands out against a background of blue sky veiled by light clouds, is suggestive of Richard Cosway in its treatment, although Trott could not have studied with the English artist and probably saw few of his miniatures.

Trott was painting in Philadelphia about 1808, occupying a studio with Thomas Sully. His portrait in miniature of Benjamin Wilcocks, a warm friend of Thomas Sully, is considered very fine, as is that of the Honorable William

Wilkins, of Pittsburg, and of Lewis Sanders, of Lexington, Kentucky. The latter miniature was painted for Mr. Sanders's *fiancée*, Anne Nicholas. Mr. Trott painted from life a miniature of George Clymer, signer of the Declaration of Independence and member of the Continental Congress. This miniature, which passed into the hands of the great-granddaughters, Mrs. Grant, of Rome, and the Countess de Bryas, of Paris, has been engraved by Mr. Longacre and the late Mr. John Sartain, of Philadelphia. Mr. Trott also painted a miniature of Mrs. Powel, whose husband, Samuel Powel, was the last Mayor of Philadelphia under the Crown. Mrs. Powel's miniature, painted in her old age, is delicate and attractive.

An artist of whose success as a miniature painter Trott is said to have been very jealous was Robert Field. Field, who was also an engraver, painted miniatures of Boston, New York, Washington, and Philadelphia beauties. Mr. Dunlap speaks of "two very beautiful female heads" by him,—one of Mrs. Allen, of Boston, and one of Mrs. Thornton, of Washington. An interesting Philadelphia miniature attributed to Field, but not well authenticated, is that of Frances Cadwalader, who married her cousin, David Montagu, afterwards Lord Erskine. A portrait by Stuart, which was painted about the time of Miss Cadwalader's marriage, in 1800, represents a charming girl of seventeen in a simple muslin gown.

It is a fortunate circumstance that this simplicity of costume and treatment, which in the hands of such masters as Stuart and Malbone stands for the highest art, characterized so much of the work of the day. No matter how high or how cumbersome was the headdress with which the beauty of the period disfigured herself at ball or rout, it was seldom allowed to interfere with the natural lines of the head and face as it appeared upon the canvas or ivory.

CHAPTER VI. THE BEAUTY OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS

"THERE is a species of female beauty almost peculiar to this country. Perhaps it is best described as the very opposite of robust. Indeed, it is winsome partly from the sense of fragility it conveys. Lightness of figure, delicacy of feature, and a transparent complexion are its essentials. It is suggestive at once of that quality which the French call *spirituelle;* and we can readily account for the partiality it excites in foreigners, from their having been accustomed to the hearty attractions of the Anglo-Saxons, or the noble outline and impassioned expression of the Southern Europeans. . . . If ever there was a man specially endowed to delineate our countrywomen, particularly those of the Northern and Middle States, where the peculiarities we have noticed are chiefly observable, it is Thomas Sully."

So wrote Henry T. Tuckerman, in the first half of the century, of the American type of beauty and of the artist who so gracefully portrayed it. Reading these lines, and looking upon the delicate and almost ethereal beauty of the faces and forms that have come down to us upon the canvases of Sully and upon the ivories of Malbone, Freeman, and Fraser,

it seems, indeed, as if a certain type of beauty had passed away.

No woman lost any fraction of the exquisiteness and delicacy of her loveliness at the hands of our early painters, and even if they sometimes accentuated these characteristics, in days when Stella scorned the thought of being "as robustuous as a man," these artists, many of them being good limners, must have had some authority for a type that runs through most of the work of the period. The days of our grandmothers being not far removed from those of "Evelina," when fainting was still in vogue, when a vigorous appetite among women was not as highly commended as it is to-day, and before croquet, tennis, golf, and bicycles had begun to beguile women into the open, it seems not unreasonable to believe that the type of beauty was in that earlier time more delicate than it is to-day. While we may not be in sympathy with the men and women of an older generation, who, when confronted with the charms of a blushing *débutante*, exclaim, with a wistful sadness in their eyes, "Yes, charming; but she does not compare with her grandmother; *she* was a rare beauty," we are willing to believe that there is something more than the glamour of the past in these recollections.

Women may be, and probably are, quite as beautiful to-day as they were fifty or one hundred years ago, but their beauty is of a different quality, depending less upon delicacy

of features and complexion and more upon expression and individuality. Even with this admission, a generous margin should be allowed for the exercise of the creative faculty of the artist,—for the temptation which assails every artistic nature to produce a beautiful picture. This extenuating grace should be especially applied to miniature work, in which exquisiteness of complexion and detail adds sensibly to the delicate beauty of the face represented.

A celebrated French miniaturist, when interrogated with regard to the probability of the newly invented photograph superseding the miniature, replied, with a fine understanding of human nature, even if his soul was not prophetic, "No, madame, there is no dangere; the photograph does not flattere."

However much or little those beautiful ladies, our grandmothers, owe to their limners, they are to be congratulated upon the fact that their charms have been preserved for this generation by the brush of the artist rather than by the uncompromising touch of the sun-god, be he never so truthful.

As early as the days of the Revolution, a distinct type of American beauty had appeared, which proved dangerous to the hearts of many of the British officers who were stationed in New York during the long occupation of that city by the enemy, and in Philadelphia during their shorter reign there, in the winter of 1777 and 1778. To our French allies the charm of



Mrs. William W. Young
By George Hewitt Cushman
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Mrs. Richard Worsam Meade
By George A. Baker
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American womanhood also appealed most eloquently. Mary Vining, of Wilmington, Delaware, was long a toast among the French officers who met her, as was Miss Margaret Champlin, of Newport, Rhode Island. Miss Champlin, or Miss "Peggy," as she was known among her friends, was a daughter of Colonel Christopher Champlin and a great-granddaughter of the philanthropic Abraham Redwood, who early founded a library in Newport. "Miss Peggy" wounded her victims, foreign and domestic, with the ruthlessness which belonged to her age and sex before she finally bestowed her heart and hand upon her fellow-townsman, Dr. Benjamin Mason.

Of Miss Champlin the Prince de Broglie wrote: "That same evening M. Vauban introduced us at the house of Mr. Champlin, well known for his wealth, but much more known in the army for the lovely face of his daughter. It is useless to say that we examined her with attention, which was to treat her handsomely, for the result of our observations was to find that she had beautiful eyes, an agreeable mouth, a lovely face, a fine figure, a pretty foot, and the general effect altogether attractive. She added to all these advantages that of being dressed and *coiffée* with taste, that is to say, in the French fashion,—besides which, she spoke and understood our language."

Margaret Champlin, in addition to being a

belle and a beauty, was a good patriot and one of the original members of the "Daughters of Liberty."

It is to be regretted that Thomas Sully, who was especially happy in representing the innocent loveliness of early youth and the charm of refined womanhood, should have painted no miniatures in the maturity of his powers. That Mr. Sully did paint miniatures early in his career is proved by a number of notes in his diary. In the artist's own fine, exact handwriting we read the following entries:

"Begun. 1801.	Size.		Price.	Finished. 1801.
May 13,	Miniature,	Chester Sully, in Norfolk, Virg^{a}, being my first attempt from life. For Mary Lee	15	June 1st
June 5,	Miniature,	Madame Solage, of Norfolk	15	June 8th
June 8,	Do. hands,	Sophia Sully, daughter of Matthew Sully, Jr.	20	June 19th
June 20,	Miniature,	Mr. White, Glass merchant, Norfolk .	15	July 20th
July 22,	Ditto,	Captain Bills . . .	15	July 25th
August 1st,	Ditto,	Dudley Woodworth .	15	August 5th
August 5th,	Ditto,	Mon^{r} Ott, Jeweler .	15	August 10
August 25,	Ditto,	Thomas Armstead (from a sketch) Richmond	15	August 29
Dec^{r} 6,	Ditto,	A Lady, from description: for W^{m} Southerwood . . .	20	Dec^{r} 12
Dec^{r} 7,	Ditto,	Mrs. Rebecca Cook, in Richmond, Virginia	15	Dec^{r} 14

1802.			1802.
Jany 5,	Miniature, Miss Maria Allison .	15	Jan. 10th
March 7,	Miniature, Elizabeth New . . .	15	March 13th
1803.			1803.
June 8,	Miniature, Mrs. Johnston . . .	15	June 13
5,	Ditto, Mrs. Jennings . . .	15	June 10"

After 1806 no miniatures are entered in the diary, although notes are made of many busts, kit-cats, and full-length portraits. The artist's miniature work was probably begun while he was working in the studio of his elder brother, Lawrence, who was a miniature and device painter. Lawrence Sully painted for some years in Norfolk and Richmond, but never with great success.

The paternal Sullys were English comedians, who were, says Mr. Dunlap, induced by West, the manager of several theatres in the South, to remove to the United States when Thomas was a boy of nine.

The futility of any attempt to turn aside true genius from its predestined course is illustrated by the careers of Thomas Sully and his schoolmate, Charles Fraser. At school their little heads were bent over their desks, more intent upon making sketches upon the fly-leaves of their books, or upon precious scraps of paper, than upon the tasks set them. Later we find Fraser working in a lawyer's office, his thoughts in the clouds, while poor Sully so annoyed the broker with whom he was placed by his father, that he complained to Mr. Sully that, although his son was industrious in multi-

plying figures, they were always the figures of men and women, and that he could not pick up a scrap of paper in his office without having a face stare at him from its surface. Mr. Sully wisely decided to remove the boy from Mr. Meyer's office, and placed him in the care of Mr. Belzons, a miniature painter, in Charleston. Mr. Belzons proved himself to be possessed of so violent a temper that young Sully fled from his studio and took refuge with his brother Lawrence, who was living in Norfolk. He afterwards, through the kindness of Thomas A. Cooper, lessee and manager of the New York Theatre, was able to open a studio in New York. Here Sully had some lessons from Colonel John Trumbull and from John Wesley Jarvis.

This most erratic and irresponsible genius, who bore the name of his uncle, the great John Wesley, was at one time spoken of as the best portrait painter in New York. In early life Jarvis had had lessons from Clark in Philadelphia, from old Matthew Pratt, and from Rutter, a sign painter, while he was encouraged to pursue his studies by Dr. Benjamin Rush and Edward Malbone, both of whom were quick to recognize his undoubted ability. Malbone, while in New York, gave instructions in his own methods to Jarvis and Joseph Wood, from the preparation of the ivory to the finishing of the picture. These artists occupied a studio in New York, on Park Row, near Beekman Street, and here it probably was that

Sully had lessons from Jarvis. Joseph Wood applied himself exclusively to miniature work, but Jarvis painted a number of full-length portraits of military and naval heroes. He also invented a machine for drawing profiles on glass, which he executed in black and gold leaf, shadowed a little by hatching. These profiles were sold for five dollars each, and while they were a novelty, Jarvis and Wood, who worked at them together, sometimes made a hundred dollars a day.

Later, about 1814, Jarvis had a studio in a house on Broadway that had been designed for President Washington and was afterwards used by Governor Clinton. In this large house, which, says Mr. Dunlap, was divided between the Collector of Customs, Jarvis, and the gods, this artist executed a number of large portraits. Henry Inman was his pupil at this time, and in New York and during these Southern tours Jarvis would receive a half-dozen sitters a day. He painted the faces and then handed over the portraits to Inman, who worked up the background and drapery under the master's direction. Although Jarvis painted industriously at times and did some excellent work, he saved no money and died in abject poverty.* He was unstable and improvident, and readily yielded to the many temptations offered him, being possessed of a most convivial nature and so gifted as a *racon-*

* Dunlap's "History of the Arts of Design."

teur and as a singer that he was sought after and made much of in the days of his prosperity. Washington Irving wrote of him from Baltimore in 1811:

"By the bye, that little 'hydra and chimera dire,' Jarvis, is in prodigious circulation at Baltimore. The gentlemen have all voted him a rare wag and most brilliant wit; and the ladies pronounce him one of the queerest, ugliest, most agreeable little creatures in the world. The consequence is there is not a ball, tea-party, concert, supper, or other private regale but that Jarvis is the most conspicuous personage; and as to a dinner, they can no more do without him than they could without Friar John at the roystering revels of the renowned Pantagruel."

That the gay world of Baltimore regarded art and artists in a very different light from that in which they were viewed in Albany a little earlier is evident, if we may judge from a story related to Mr. Dunlap by a friend who lived in the latter city: "At a time of yellow fever in New York, two miniature painters, Trott and Tisdale, came to this city; they took a room and painted some heads. This was about the year '96. It was a novelty, and the gentlemen of Albany visited the painters and were pleased with them; and on occasion of a ball they were getting up, they sent them tickets of invitation. But before the ball took place they had time to reflect and consult; and the result was, that a note was written to the

painters to say that the gentlemen of Albany must recall the invitation, as, according to the rules, no mechanics could be admitted."

About 1804, Mr. Lawrence Sully died, and although his brother was at that time working hard towards the fulfilment of a long-cherished plan to visit London, he set aside his own wishes and devoted his time and talents to the care of his sister-in-law and her three little daughters. More than a year after his brother's death, Thomas Sully married his widow and became the legal protector of the children over whom he had always exercised a fatherly care. Mrs. Sully was a young and very beautiful woman.

Soon after his marriage, Mr. Sully took his wife to Colonel Trumbull's rooms to sit for her portrait, that he might observe that artist's mode of painting and have an example of his work. He afterwards had some lessons from Gilbert Stuart in Boston, who, upon looking long and carefully at a portrait of Mr. Isaac P. Davis which the young artist had just finished, uttered the following oracular advice: "Keep what you have, and get as much as you can."

Mr. Sully is described as slight in figure, delicate in appearance, and strikingly handsome. His daughter says that he was never well in New York, and that an acquaintance whom he met on the street one day said: "Come over to Philadelphia; that quiet little Quaker city will suit you." Mr. Sully took his friend's advice, his health improved in the milder air of the inland town, and his fortunes

also, as many sitters came to his studio, which he shared with Benjamin Trott. After securing a number of orders for pictures, through the influence of Mr. Benjamin Wilcocks, of Philadelphia, who was his generous friend and patron, Mr. Sully set sail for London, leaving his family in Philadelphia. In London he found Benjamin West painting at seventy, and as ready to receive and befriend a struggling American artist as in his younger days. Sully also met Sir William Beechey, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and John Hoppner, while letters from Mr. John Hare Powel, of Philadelphia, gave him an *entrée* to rich private collections among the nobility and gentry. Sully's expressions upon the work of some of the London Academicians show that even at an early age his tastes were decided. "Gainsborough's manner," he says, in describing the paintings deposited by artists in the Royal Academy, "struck me as being exactly as Reynolds describes it. There is some resemblance to it in Stuart's manner, only that Stuart is firmer in the handling. His dead colourings seem cool and afterwards retouched with warm colours, used thin so as to resemble the freedom of water-colour painting. Many light touches of greenish and yellow tints are freely used, and although on inspection the work looks rugged and smeared, and scratched, yet, at a distance, it appeared to me the most natural flesh in the room. The specimens of Reynolds's pencil disappointed, and Opie's seemed raw, crude,

and dirty. Copley more hard and dark than usual. Lawrence's too much loaded with paint, and the red and yellow overpowering. The ceiling of this room is painted by West and Angelica Kauffmann, by far the most delicate colouring I have yet seen of the President's, and Angelica has closely imitated it."

Charles B. King was in London when Sully arrived there, and gave him a warm welcome. A similarity of tastes soon drew these two American artists together. King had been studying some years abroad, and, anxious to have Sully profit by his experience, frankly inquired how long he expected to study in London and how much money he had. When he learned that the young American expected to live in London three years and had only four hundred dollars in the world, he exclaimed, "Why, my good sir, that is not enough for three months—I'll tell you what—I am not ready to go home—my funds are almost expended, and before I saw you I had been contriving a plan to spin them out, and give me more time. Can you live low?" "All I want is bread and water." "Oh, then you may live luxuriously, for we will add potatoes and milk to it. It will do; we will hire these rooms, they will serve us both—we will buy a stock of potatoes—take in bread and milk daily—keep our landlady in good humour, and (by the by) conceal from her the motive for our mode of life by a little present now and then, and—work away like merry fellows."

"And so they did," says Mr. Dunlap, "thus making themselves excellent artists by a system of labor, economy, and independence, as honorable as it was efficacious."

At the end of nine months, Mr. Sully, having accomplished all that he had set out to do, returned to America. When he took leave of Benjamin West, who had treated him like a son, the old artist begged him upon his return to Pennsylvania to visit his old home, his dear native place, Springfield. "Inquire for Springfield Meeting House," said the old man; "two miles from where the road crosses, you will find the house."

Sully found the old house, and made two sketches of it, which he sent to Mr. West. When Mr. Sully returned to Philadelphia, he again occupied a studio with Benjamin Trott. Here he was for many years a most popular artist, and as a man greatly respected and beloved, being possessed of an amiable, generous, and benevolent nature.

Miss Blanche Sully, who is still living in Philadelphia, relates many interesting stories of her father and mother. She says that her father never could pass any one in the street in trouble without stopping to help him, while her mother was so tender-hearted that when she was walking with her she has often seen her stop and buy food for some starving alley cat or dog. Miss Sully says that her father painted most industriously through the hours of daylight, but as soon as the light began to

fade he would call for Blanche, whom he playfully called his "walking-stick," and together they would sally forth for a ramble into the country, which was not so difficult to reach in those days. They once walked to Germantown and back in an afternoon, she says, a walk of some length from her father's house, on Fifth Street below Market.

Of Mr. Sully's second visit to London, in 1838, when he was commissioned to paint a portrait of Queen Victoria for the Saint George Society in Philadelphia, Miss Sully gives a charming and spirited description. She says that when she was about fifteen her father's health broke down. She recalls one evening when he came home looking very serious, and after supper said to her mother that he had something of importance to tell her. Mrs. Sully was much alarmed, fearing that the physician's opinion had been unfavorable. When her husband told her that a sea voyage had been prescribed for him, she exclaimed cheerfully, "You must go, but you shall not go alone." "Very well," he said, "I will take my walking-stick with me." Miss Sully says that she well remembers her keen delight at the prospect of seeing so much of the world, mingled with her childish grief at leaving her dear mother.

Mr. Sully took with him several letters of introduction; but for some time it seemed doubtful whether he would be able to secure a sitting from the Queen, as he was told that

she was heartily tired of sitting for her portrait.

One day, says Miss Sully, a very elegant gentleman, Sir Francis Egerton, came to their lodgings. It soon appeared that Miss Kemble,* the great English *tragédienne*, who was then acting in Philadelphia with her father, had written to Sir Francis Egerton to bespeak his good offices for Mr. Sully. After this there were no difficulties in the way, the Queen received the artist, and a sitting was arranged. The young Queen was naturally much occupied in holding audiences, but made every effort to give Mr. Sully the desired sittings. When he asked if such an hour would suit Her Majesty, she replied, "It shall suit my Majesty," adding that she felt it a graceful compliment that the Americans should desire to have her portrait, quite overlooking the fact that those who had ordered the picture were not Americans, but loyal subjects of Her Majesty residing in the United States. The Queen gave Mr. Sully three or four sittings, after which he told her that he did not need to have her sit any longer, and asked her if she would allow him to have his daughter take her place, as she was so much in the habit of posing for him that she

* Mr. Sully had already painted portraits of Frances Anne Kemble, who afterwards married Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, and of her father, Mr. Charles Kemble, who was a brother of Mrs. Siddons. These portraits now belong to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

could sit as still as a log, and appreciated the importance of keeping perfectly quiet while jewels were being painted, on account of the changing light upon the stones. The Queen gave her consent, and when the artist returned to his lodgings and told Miss Blanche that she was to accompany him to the palace the next day, that young lady was in a state of wild excitement. She remembers that, having left home in a great hurry, she had only one silk gown with her, which she describes as "an ugly thing, green striped with black." The despised gown was donned, little knowing the honor that was in store for it, and Miss Blanche, feeling like the heroine of a fairy tale, set forth with her father to the palace.* Even now, after the lapse of more than half a century, Miss Sully recalls her feelings of delight and wonder as she passed through the beautiful marble halls of the palace, and through a handsome, large room, in which were portraits of many dead-and-gone kings and queens, into a smaller room where were more bell-pulls than she had ever seen in all her life. This smaller room was used by the Queen's ladies in waiting, and

* The palace to which Miss Sully refers must be Buckingham Palace, as upon a picture of Queen Victoria, which Mr. Sully kept in his studio, was the following inscription: "My Original Study of the Queen of England, Victoria, painted from life, Buckingham House." This picture was signed T. S., London, May 15, 1838. The large portrait of Queen Victoria, painted at this time, is in the hall of the Saint George Society, Philadelphia.

the bells were to summon the various pages and attendants. Mr. Sully had not told his daughter that she was to sit for him, and great was the surprise of little Miss Blanche when she was suddenly raised to the throne of England and arrayed in the Queen's robes, with the royal crown upon her head. Although the head that wears a crown is said to lie uneasy, Miss Sully says that this crown, which was adorned with many beautiful jewels, did not cause her any uneasiness, being no heavier than an ordinary velvet hat.

After she had been sitting for, what seemed to her, a long time, the doors were suddenly thrown open with a great flourish, and the Queen was announced. From no person do we get a more interesting picture of the fresh, joyous young Queen than comes to us from this other girl's recollections of her. She says that she was not pretty, but had a lovely complexion and golden-brown hair, which was drawn away from her face and gathered in a large knot at the back of her head. The royal young lady looked at Miss Blanche sitting in her regalia, made a low reverence, and laughed, after which she glanced at her own gown, then at Miss Sully's, and laughed again; the two dresses were, says the narrator, precisely alike, except that the green and black stripes were wider on that of the Queen. Miss Sully describes the Queen's manners as gracious, and her conversation, when she talked with her father, as delightful. Her youthful Majesty

must have had a sympathetic feeling for a young appetite, as she ordered refreshments for Miss Blanche, which she had never done for her father. Miss Sully recalls the golden salvers upon which the refreshments were served, the handsome tea service, and the beautiful cut-glass tumblers set in stands of gold filigree. There were so many queen cakes in the basket that was handed to her, that she asked her father if the Queen lived on queen cakes. She, poor child, was so awed by the strangeness and magnificence of her surroundings that she could not eat a morsel of the dainties offered her.

One of Mr. Sully's step-daughters painted miniatures. An interesting example of the work of Rosalie Sully is a miniature of her mother, copied from one of Mr. Sully's portraits of his wife, which was painted in her early matronhood. A daughter of Mr. Sully married the well-known artist Mr. F. O. C. Darley, while his step-daughter, Mary Chester Sully, became the wife of Mr. John Neagle.* Mr. Neagle, of whose work his "Pat Lyon at the Forge" is one of the best examples, painted a number of portraits. Among these a most

* As Mr. Sully's step-daughters were also his nieces, they were like his own children. Rosalie Sully's miniatures, which were painted chiefly for her friends, are so beautiful in drawing and color that it is to be regretted that she did not pursue the art of miniature painting. Mary Chester Sully, who married Mr. Neagle, had no taste for drawing or painting, but was a musician of considerable ability.

interesting one of Gilbert Stuart is now in the Boston Athenæum.

The artistic ability of the Peale brothers did not end with their day and generation, but was inherited by children and grandchildren. Rembrandt Peale was, in the opinion of some art critics, the best portrait painter in his family. He painted early enough to be able to execute a portrait of Washington from life, and in the first half of this century painted a number of portraits in France and in America. Among these is a portrait of Houdon, the great French sculptor, and of the Honorable Richard Peters, of Belmont. An excellent example of Rembrandt Peale's work is a portrait of two young daughters of Mr. Lawrence Johnson, of Philadelphia, which is charming in color and in the grace and naturalness of the pose of the childish figures.

Raphaelle Peale, another son of Charles Willson Peale, painted miniatures, as did his cousin, Anna Claypoole Peale, a daughter of James Peale, the miniature painter.

Anna C. Peale, who was one of the best miniature painters of her day, inherited her artistic talents from her maternal grandfather, James Claypoole, as well as from her father's family. She executed a large number of portraits in miniature in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, and Washington. Miss Peale married the Reverend William Staughton, D.D., a very popular preacher in his day, and some years after his death became the third



Madame Lallemand



Mrs. Richard Harlan

By Anna Claypoole Peale

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Angelica Vallaye

By Anna Claypoole Peale

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wife of General William Duncan. The fact that this artist painted under her different names has led to some confusion in classifying her work, although some of Anna Peale's miniatures have all three names written on the backs. One, of Angelica Vallaye, is marked "Miniature of Angelica Vallaye, by Anna Peale, widow Dr. Staughton, also widow of General Duncan," which is certainly sufficiently explicit. Another portrait is marked "Miniature by Anna Duncan, *née* Anna Peale, of the daughter of Stephen Girard's brother, M^me. Lallemand (Agnes Clark)."*

Anna C. Peale also painted miniatures of General Lallemand, of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Dexter, of Massachusetts, of Commodore Bainbridge, and of General and Mrs. Andrew Jackson. The latter miniature was painted in 1819, when Mrs. Jackson was fifty-two years of age, and in the costume worn by her at a ball given to General Jackson in New Orleans, after the victory of the eighth of January.†

* This miniature is incorrectly marked, as Madame Lallemand's name was Harriet. She was a daughter of Jean Girard, a brother of Stephen Girard, the founder of Girard College, Philadelphia. Harriet Girard, when very young, married Henri Dominique Lallemand, one of Napoleon's exiled generals, who had followed his commander's fortunes through the Hundred Days and fought at Waterloo. General Lallemand died in 1823, and his young widow married Dr. John Y. Clark, of Philadelphia.

† "Life Portraits of Andrew Jackson," by Charles Henry Hart.

The story of Jackson's marriage to Rachel Donelson, the wife of Lewis Robards, upon the false report of her having been divorced from her first husband, has often been told. Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence, the great-niece of Mrs. Jackson, recalls many instances of the General's sincere devotion to the memory of his wife. The miniature of Mrs. Jackson by Anna C. Peale was given to this little great-niece and adopted granddaughter, a proof of his deep affection for the child, as the General had always worn it next his heart.

Another miniature painted by Miss Peale about the same time as that of Mrs. Andrew Jackson is that of Margaret Hart Simmons. This miniature was painted before Miss Simmons's marriage to Richard Harlan. Dr. Harlan was well known in the scientific world, being connected with many learned societies at home and abroad, and numbered among his friends and correspondents the great Cuvier, Audubon, and many other scientists and natural historians. Mrs. Harlan was interested in her husband's pursuits, and greatly enjoyed the visits made to their home by his learned associates.

Sarah M. Peale, another daughter of James Peale, painted portraits in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and St. Louis. Sarah Peale's work is spoken of in Mrs. Clement's "Artists of the Nineteenth Century," although she was a less distinguished artist than her sister Anna, whose name is omitted.

Another woman artist who has preserved for us in miniature the beauty of our grandmothers is Anne Hall. The daughter of a Connecticut physician, and without having had the advantage of foreign study, Miss Hall executed some admirable work, which entitled her to be enrolled as one of the first women members of the National Academy in New York.

Miss Hall took some lessons in oil-painting from Alexander Robertson, and, having had instruction in miniature painting from Mr. Samuel King, of Newport,* devoted herself exclusively to that branch of art. Among Miss Hall's portraits in miniature is one of Mrs. Henry Van Rensselaer, of New York, born Elizabeth Ray King. This charming miniature, which now belongs to Mrs. Van Rensselaer's daughter, Mrs. Francis Delafield, of New York, was painted about 1831.

An interesting miniature, painted about 1801, is that of Elizabeth Hewson, a granddaughter of the Mrs. Margaret Stevenson with whom Dr. Franklin lodged on Craven Street during all the years of his London residence after 1757. Mrs. Stevenson's daughter Mary is the "Polly" to whom Franklin wrote long and

* Samuel King may readily be confused with Charles B. King, who was also born in Newport, the latter in 1785. Charles B. King studied with West in London, and painted portraits in Philadelphia, but, not succeeding there, established his studio in Washington, where he became very popular and built a house and gallery.

interesting letters, and from whom he received many sprightly ones in reply.

From Margate, in 1769, Miss Stevenson wrote to her learned correspondent of a very sensible young physician, of insinuating address and good person, with whom she says that she was "tempted to run off." This young physician may have been the Dr. William Hewson whom Mary Stevenson afterwards married. To Mrs. William Hewson Dr. Franklin continued to write letters of friendship and counsel, while in the Bradford family a tiny set of chessmen is preserved which the great statesman and philosopher sent to little Elizabeth Hewson, who afterwards married Mr. David Caldwell, of Philadelphia.

A woman whose lovely face has come down to this generation from the brush of Freeman is Mrs. Edward Biddle. Few Philadelphians remember her as Jane Josephine Sarmiento or as Mrs. Craig; but there are many who recall Mrs. Edward Biddle when, as a young matron, she had the honor of being considered one of the three most beautiful women in Philadelphia, the other two being Mrs. James S. Wadsworth and Mrs. John Butler.

Mrs. Wadsworth, a daughter of Mr. John Wharton, and wife of the distinguished General James S. Wadsworth, was, perhaps, the most beautiful of the three matrons.

A lady, who remembers Mrs. Wadsworth's charming face, says that she came into her room one day when she was making a Quaker



Mrs. Edward Biddle
By George Freeman
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cap for her mother. After watching her until it was finished, Mrs. Wadsworth said, "Let me try it on." This lady says that Mrs. Wadsworth, with her beautiful face framed in by the simple, little muslin cap, made a picture that would have touched the hearts of Friends or worldlings.

Mrs. Edward Biddle's beauty was enhanced by her vivacity and charm of manner. Her changing, expressive face and ready wit rendered her most attractive to old and young alike. Mrs. Biddle's first husband, Mr. Craig, was a younger brother of Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, whose beautiful portrait by Sully proves her right to a place among the Graces, while Mrs. Biddle's second husband, Edward Biddle, was a son of Mr. Nicholas Biddle.

Another fair face that

> ". . . . bade the colors flow,
> And made a miniature creation grow"

beneath the artist's brush, was that of Anne Emlen, who married Charles Willing Hare, of Philadelphia. Among the numerous descendants of this beautiful woman is William Hobart Hare, D.D., LL.D., one of the great missionary bishops of the Episcopal Church.

These lovely ladies, who look out upon the busy world of to-day from canvases upon the wall or from the gold and jewelled setting of the miniature case, are among the few permanent possessions that have come to us from a storied past. They speak to us of a life

unlike our own; its romance shines forth from their beautiful eyes; its repose lends a charm of languor to their gentle faces. They were familiar with suffering, and bore sorrows in their day and generation, but of sad experiences their pictures carry no record. They were all beautiful, most of them were wise and good, and if not, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum;*" their memories are forever enshrined for us in an atmosphere of peace and good will, as far removed from the progress and unrest of the life of to-day as are the angels above us.

CHAPTER VII. SOME LATER LIMNERS

ALTHOUGH in the first quarter of the century miniature painting reached a degree of excellence that has never since been equalled, some beautiful work was done in the two decades that followed, when Staigg, Ingham, Freeman, Cushman, and Brown were still painting. Miss Goodridge, who was a pet *protégée* and student of Gilbert Stuart's, was painting until 1850, although her best work was done ten years earlier.

Sarah Goodridge's desire to draw and paint was, like that of Benjamin West, so strong a passion that the difficulties that met her at every turn were powerless to chill her ardor. As the Pennsylvania Quaker boy had made pictures with whatever materials he could lay his hands on, the little New England girl peeled off the bark of the white birch and scratched her first designs upon its surface with a pin. Paper was scarce and expensive in those days, and the birch bark, which came to the door upon great logs for the fireplaces, cost nothing but the time and trouble needed to prepare it.

In little books which she made out of this bark, Sarah Goodridge sketched the faces of her schoolmates and companions. She afterwards had some lessons from artists of no

particular distinction, and while living in Boston with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Appleton, had the good fortune to meet Gilbert Stuart. The great artist generously gave the young girl the benefit of his instruction and criticism, and delighted her by asking her to paint his miniature. "Stuart," says his biographer, "had two faces: one full of fire and energy, seen in Miss Goodridge's miniature of him, and the other dull and heavy, 'looking,' as he said,—when he saw the miniature he had permitted a New York artist to paint,—'like a fool.' He was unwilling to be handed down to posterity thus represented, and so he asked Miss Goodridge to paint him. When she had developed the head she wished to do more to it, but he would not allow her, lest she should injure the likeness."

This miniature, which is an admirable piece of work, is evidently one that Stuart liked himself, as it was set in a bracelet made of his own hair and that of his wife and daughter Agnes. The original, from which several excellent replicas were made, was engraved by A. B. Durand for "The National Portrait Gallery."

Miss Goodridge painted a miniature of herself, which is now in the Boston Museum; and among many examples of her work to be found in New England families are the miniatures of Juliana and Fitz-William Sargent. These pictures are interesting in themselves, and also from the fact that this young brother and sister who look forth from Miss Good-



Fitz William Sargent
By Sarah Goodridge
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Charles M. Pope
By Nathaniel Jocelyn
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ridge's miniatures are the great-aunt and great-uncle of the distinguished portrait painter John Singer Sargent.

Henry Inman was painting in Philadelphia in 1832, where he executed cabinet and life-sized portraits, as well as miniatures. Tuckerman says that the sight of Wertmüller's masterpiece, the "Danae," in the studio of John W. Jarvis led Inman to turn aside from the career of a soldier to adopt that of an artist. While with Jarvis in Boston, about 1822, the younger artist painted a number of the beautiful little water-color likenesses by which he is now best known.

As early as 1819 Inman painted a portrait of the Right Reverend Richard Channing Moore, of Virginia, whose successor in office was Bishop William Meade. Dodson's engraving of Inman's portrait of Bishop Moore gives a fair representation of the beauty and dignity of the original. Among distinguished men who sat to Henry Inman were James Madison, De Witt Clinton, John James Audubon, the naturalist, and Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholas Fish. He also painted a miniature of Alexander Hamilton, after a bust by Ceracchi,* and one of Mrs. Hamilton from life in 1825. Mrs. Hamilton's face, as it appears in Inman's miniature, is full of sweetness and charm, although quite different from the bright face

* "The Centennial of Washington's Inauguration," edited by Clarence Winthrop Bowen, Ph.D.

that looks out from Ralph Earle's portrait, painted nearly thirty years earlier.

In 1843 three of Inman's friends—James Lenox, Edward L. Carey, and Henry Reed—gave him commissions to visit England and portray for them respectively the faces of Chalmers, Macaulay, and Wordsworth. Inman had been out of health for some months, and this trip abroad seems to have been the result of a kindly conspiracy among his friends to help him back to strength by means of change of air and scene. "He had," says Tuckerman, "a delightful sojourn in Westmoreland and an encouraging visit to London, where the most flattering inducements were held out to him to establish himself as a portrait painter. Had he done so, there is reason to believe that a new and prosperous career would have revived his fortunes and his life; but domestic claims and precarious health obliged him to return to America,—not, however, before he had enjoyed a charming episode of experience in the society of British artists, the hospitalities of London celebrities, and the opportunity to examine the latest achievements in art." Inman became seriously ill soon after his return to America, and his death in 1846, at the age of forty-five, was a loss to the profession and to those who knew him as a charming, sympathetic, and versatile companion, gifted as a conversationalist and as a writer, as well as with his brush.

An artist whose surname has caused him to



Mrs. J. Green Pearson
By Charles Cromwell Ingham
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be sometimes confused with Inman is Charles Cromwell Ingham, who was born in Dublin. After studying art in his native city, Ingham went to New York in 1816, and became one of the original members of the National Academy of Design.

Mr. Ingham was painting in New York in 1824, as the Marquis de Lafayette sat to him during his last visit to America. Mrs. J. G. Pearson's little daughter, who accompanied her to the studio at this time, remembers Lafayette and the portrait of him which was being painted.

Ingham's beautiful miniature of Mrs. Pearson justifies a description given of her, by one who remembers her, as a woman of "remarkable intelligence and humor, with a face which was sad in repose, but lighted up with great beauty of expression when in conversation."

Mrs. Pearson, whose maiden name was Eliza Bond, was descended from William Bond, who came from Suffolk County, England, and settled in Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1650. From this William Bond most of the New England Bonds are descended.

A Southern miniature of a somewhat earlier period than that in which Ingham painted is one of James Mackubin, of Bellefield, Anne Arundel County, Maryland. The Mackubins are of Scotch descent, the name being a corruption of that of the famous clan of MacAlpine, through which they claim descent from Kenneth II. of Scotland.

James Mackubin was evidently a handsome man, and his wife, Martha Rolle, is spoken of in the "Annals of Maryland" as the most beautiful woman of her day. At the ball given to General Washington when he resigned his commission, in 1783, the Commander-in-Chief danced with Mrs. Mackubin, to the delight of all who beheld the stately couple.

Mr. Mackubin's daughter married Commodore Henry E. Ballard, who was first lieutenant and executive officer of the frigate Constitution during the engagement between the British cruisers Cyane and Levant. In consequence of his service at this time, Congress presented Commodore Ballard with a silver medal, while his own State, Maryland, showed its appreciation by sending him a gold-mounted sword, "as a reward for heroism and valor." This sword and a miniature of Commodore Ballard are in the possession of his granddaughters, the Misses Walton, of Annapolis.

A beautiful miniature of Margaret Coates Butler, who married Richard Worsam Meade, of Philadelphia, was painted by a young New York artist, George A. Baker. This artist, who began his career as a miniature painter at sixteen, during his first year executed one hundred and fifty portraits, for which he received the modest sum of five dollars each. The portrait of Mrs. Meade was among Baker's earlier miniatures, and is interesting not only for its excellence, but because this



Mrs. Henry Beekman Livingston
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Elizabeth Carter Farley
By Bridport
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lovely lady was the mother of the distinguished General George Gordon Meade, of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Richard Worsam Meade's miniature was not painted from life, but from a portrait by Gilbert Stuart which was destroyed during the civil war. A portrait bust of Mrs. Meade was made during her seven years' residence in Cadiz, to which place her husband was appointed consul about 1810. The bust of Mrs. Meade shows the noble lines of the head and face to more advantage than her youthful miniature, charming as it is. General Meade resembled his mother in appearance, as well as in many traits of character.

Nathaniel Jocelyn, who painted a number of excellent miniatures, was born in New Haven in 1796. He began his career by working with his father, who was a watchmaker, and studied drawing under his own tuition during his leisure hours. At eighteen Jocelyn apprenticed himself to an engraver, and at twenty-one was made a partner in a bank-note engraving company: later he became one of the founders of the National Bank-Note Engraving Company. Not being satisfied with the work of lettering, which fell to his share, he exchanged the graver for the pencil, and set sail for Savannah, Georgia, in 1820, to start afresh as a portrait painter.

Self-taught, except for the instruction gained by him from Savannah artists and during a brief business tour in Europe, Mr. Jocelyn

accomplished much good work, and received a prize for the best portrait exhibited in Connecticut in 1844. He was later elected an academician of the National Academy of New York and a member of the Philadelphia Art Union.

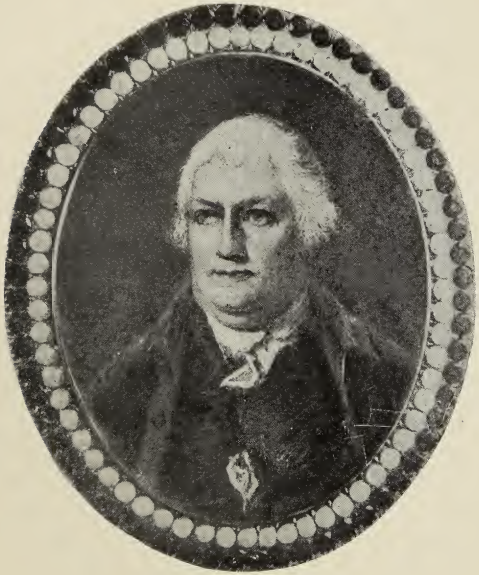
A number of Mr. Jocelyn's portraits, which hang in the Yale Art Gallery, are characterized by strength and grace in composition and modelling.

A fine example of Jocelyn's work is a miniature of Charles M. Pope, a son of Alexander Pope, of Petersburg, Virginia. Mr. Charles Pope married Margaretta Emlen Howell, of Philadelphia, a very beautiful woman, whose appearance at the opera in New Orleans one night excited so much admiration that several enthusiastic gentlemen rose to their feet and called out, "La belle! la belle!" to the great confusion of the modest Philadelphia girl.

A Southern woman of great charm, whose miniature was painted by Bridport,* was Elizabeth Carter Farley, a daughter of James Parke Farley, of Antigua, and a granddaughter of Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, Virginia.

Elizabeth Farley was married three times: her first husband was John Banister, Junior, of Virginia; her second was Thomas Lee Ship-

* Richard Bridport, who lived for some years in Philadelphia, was an engraver as well as a miniature painter. A miniature of Benjamin Etting, of Philadelphia, by Bridport, is in the possession of his son, Mr. J. Marx Etting.



Hon. Jasper Yeates



Mrs. Jasper Yeates

pen, of Philadelphia, while the third companion of her joys and sorrows was General George Izard, of South Carolina. A sister-in-law of Elizabeth Farley was Anne Hume Shippen, of whom a charming unsigned miniature is preserved in the Shippen family.

Miss Shippen was a daughter of Dr. William Shippen, of Philadelphia, and became the wife of Henry Beekman Livingston, son of Robert R. Livingston, of Clermont, New York.

Among other interesting unsigned miniatures are those of the Honorable Jasper Yeates and his wife. Judge Yeates, who was descended from an early settler and jurist of the same name, was a member of the Convention of 1787, by which the Constitution of the United States was framed, and held several important positions under President Washington.

Mrs. Jasper Yeates was a daughter of Colonel James Burd and Sarah Shippen, of Lancaster. To his wife Judge Yeates wrote many interesting letters while absent from home in attendance upon the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. The following, written from Bedford, April 24, 1797, contains an anecdote about Washington which adds to its interest:

"My Dearest Wife:

"We got here this morning after Breakfast but experienced dreadful Roads. We were much fatigued yesterday, but forgot all our cares when we came to Hartleys, 6 miles from

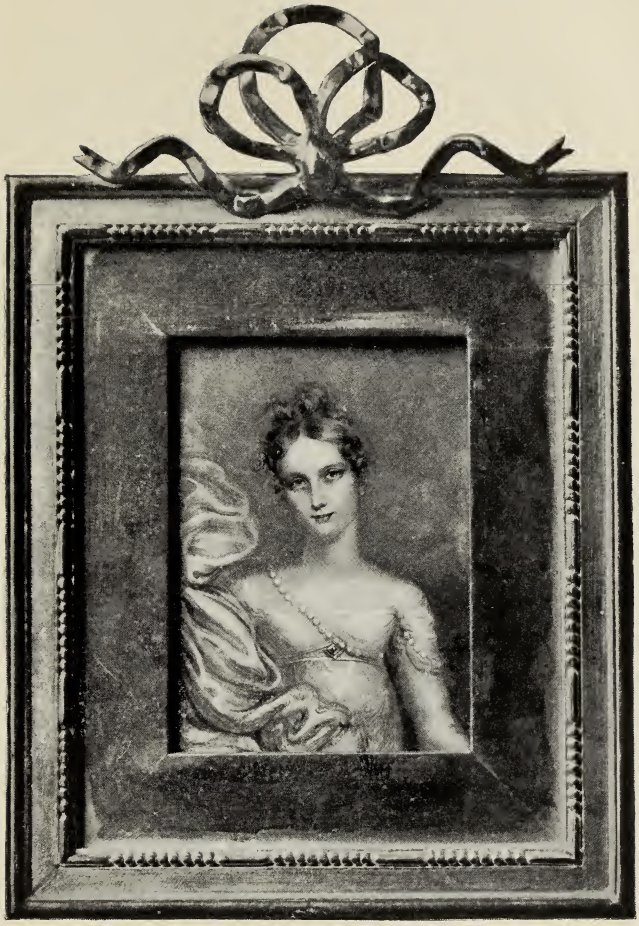
hence. A fine woman, handsomely but plainly dressed, welcomed us to his house. Good Trout, Asparagus, Olives and Apples garnished our Table, and I had as good a Bed as ever I lay in, to console me after my Ride.

"Mr. Washington once told me, on a charge which I once made against the President at his own Table, that the admiration he warmly professed for Mrs. Hartley, was a Proof of his Homage to the worthy part of the Sex, and highly respectful to his Wife. In the same Light I beg you will consider my partiality to the elegant accomplishments of Mrs. Hartley."

Mrs. Hartley, who was honored with the admiration of General Washington and Judge Yeates, was the wife of Colonel Thomas Hartley, M. C. from 1789 to 1800, who had in 1778 commanded the expedition against the Indians implicated in the massacre of Wyoming.

An artist who painted many miniatures in Philadelphia was George Freeman, who should not be confused with James E. Freeman. The latter was born in Nova Scotia, but at an early age entered the schools of the National Academy in New York City, and afterwards painted in the western portion of the State.

Of J. E. Freeman's best known work, "The Beggars," Henry T. Tuckerman wrote: "The composition is simple, but remarkably felicitous, consisting of one erect and one sleeping figure; but the attitudes, the atmosphere, the



Mrs. Willing Francis
Attributed to George Freeman
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execution, the finish, and, above all, the expression, are in the highest degree artistic and suggestive."

In Mr. George Freeman's miniatures he followed in the footsteps of those later artists who introduced the cabinet size into miniature work. "Andrew Robertson was," says Mr. George C. Williamson, "the originator of the cabinet size of miniature, which was much larger than the small oval that had been the vogue. They are richly elaborated pictures, complete in every detail, glorious in coloring, and full of dignity and grace."

Fine examples of Mr. Freeman's work are cabinet miniatures of Mrs. Edward Biddle and of her father-in-law, Nicholas Biddle. This latter is a three-quarter figure, signed "G. Freeman, 1838." A beautiful miniature attributed to Freeman is of Maria Willing, a daughter of Mr. George Willing, of Philadelphia, who married her own cousin, Willing Francis. This miniature, which is in the style of the portraits of the First Empire, is beautiful in composition and color. The blonde head and delicate face stand out against a background of pale blue sky that admirably suits the ethereal grace of both face and figure.

George Freeman painted a miniature of Dorothy Francis Willing, a much younger sister of Mrs. Willing Francis. Miss Willing, in 1853, became the wife of the Honorable John William Wallace, LL.D., who held many important positions in his city and State

and was for many years the much esteemed president of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Robinson, an English artist, about whom little seems to be known personally, painted a number of excellent miniatures in Philadelphia between 1817 and 1829. Among these are portraits of John Beale Bordley, Joseph Bispham, John Sergeant, and Samuel Milligan. The latter is signed "J. R., 1819," and is fine in drawing and color.

An English artist whose style resembles that of the best miniature painters of his own country and time was Edward Miles, who was born at Yarmouth, October 14, 1752, and painted in Philadelphia from 1807 to 1828. Mr. Miles was in his early studies associated with the leading English artists of the later years of the past century, and was himself appointed painter to the Duchess of York, and afterwards to Queen Charlotte, as appears from the original warrant, now in possession of his great-grandson, Mr. Edward S. Miles, in which it is set forth under the royal signature, Charlotte R., that

"Whereas We have thought fit to appoint Edward Miles Esquire to be Our Miniature Painter during Our Pleasure Our Will and Pleasure therefore is that in making out Our Establishment of Our Household you do Enter him therein as such And for so doing this being Entered in your Office shall be to you a Sufficient Warrant Given at St. James's the

16th day of May 1794 in the Thirty fourth year of the Reign of Our Dearest Lord and Husband.

"By Her Majesty's Command.

"EFFINGHAM.

"To Our Right Trusty and Right Welbeloved Cousin Richard Earl of Effingham Our Secretary and Comptroller.

While he was Court painter in England, Mr. Miles executed miniatures of the many Princesses of that exemplary *père de famille* but ineffectual sovereign, George III. For the little Princess Augusta the artist ever after entertained a most affectionate admiration, cherishing a lock of her fair hair and naming his only daughter after her.

An excellent portrait of Mr. Miles in oil was painted by Sir William Beechey in 1782. Of this distinguished artist, between whom and Edward Miles there existed a warm friendship, many amusing stories are told. Upon one occasion, after unmercifully criticising a painting of Charles R. Leslie's, Sir William turned to him cheerily and told him that whenever he wanted another *set down* he would be happy to accommodate him. Leslie, who seems to have possessed an angelic disposition, wrote to his "dear Betsey," "I must confess that I felt somewhat dispirited, yet I consider it very wholesome chastisement, and am certain I shall benefit much from it."

Mr. Miles exhibited pictures in the London Academy from 1786 until 1797, when he went to St. Petersburg, where he occupied the position of painter to the Court of Russia during the eventful years that witnessed the assassination of the Emperor Paul, the accession of his son Alexander, and the various complications between the great Powers that followed the earlier victories of Napoleon. During his residence in St. Petersburg the English artist painted portraits in miniature of the handsome young Emperor, who was a liberal patron of the arts, and of his Empress, Maria Louisa of Baden. Mr. Miles's miniatures of two young Russian Princesses in style and treatment resemble George Engleheart's portraits of the Misses Berry, being characterized by the good drawing and the delicacy and exquisiteness of finish that are to be seen in the miniatures of the two lovely ladies who were the friends of Horace Walpole.

In 1807 Mr. Miles left Russia and came to Philadelphia, where he lived until his death, in 1828. He was a founder and a fellow of the Society of Artists of the United States. Among Mr. Miles's pupils was Mr. James R. Lambdin. The first of Mr. Lambdin's many portraits was one of his preceptor.

In Philadelphia Mr. Miles seems to have executed miniatures of his family and friends only. Among the latter was the venerable Bishop White, of whom he painted a miniature. Mr. Miles appears to have had ample means for



Alexander I. of Russia



Empress Maria Louisa

By Edward Miles

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support from his investments, and there is no record of his having taught or painted for profit after he came to this country, until his son failed in business; then he had a few advanced pupils at his own home. They were nearly all men of merit, who profited by the excellent instruction given them.

When Thomas Sully first visited England, he bore letters from Edward Miles to a number of English artists. Among these was Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, he says, "received me Very Warmly on Miles's account, but was too much of a gentleman not to add, 'and on your own also.'"

An artist whose fame is in no degree commensurate with the excellence of his work was George Hewitt Cushman, who was born in Windham, Connecticut, in 1814, and lived and painted in Philadelphia for many years. Although Mr. Cushman did not study painting until rather late in life, having first mastered the art of engraving under Asaph Willard, of Hartford, he painted a number of beautiful miniatures and became a fine colorist in every department. A friend of Mr. Cushman's, Mrs. Lippincott, better known to her readers as "Grace Greenwood," wrote with warm appreciation of his character and genius, which she said combined "a fancy of rare refinement, an eye and thirst for beauty, perceptions the most quick and accurate, an instinct of grace, a soul for all the spiritual meanings and harmonies of art. His miniature works were always re-

markable for purity and simplicity of character, as well as tone; the best and sweetest and truest traits of his sitters he could call forth and fix in those fairy portraits. The most minute of his male heads were remarkable for an air of earnest manhood; the most exquisite of his female heads were distinguished by a certain breadth and depth of womanliness, giving them a dignity which mere grand proportions cannot give; Cushman seemed to me to work in the essence of color, so wondrously soft yet clear were his tints, so dreamy, so aërially delicate, were his lights and shades."

Another life-long friend, Mrs. Vincenzo Botta, wrote of Mr. Cushman: "His modesty was so extreme that it became a defect; for with a higher and more just estimation of himself he would have accomplished more and impressed others with a more true idea of his merits. His early tastes were for a military education at West Point and an army life, but he was prevented from following his inclinations, and he remained in civil life, where he was to some extent misplaced. The powerful frame, exuberant vitality, and commanding presence that made the ideal of a military hero seemed not to have found their highest or rather their widest sphere in the artist's studio. The personal appearance of Mr. Cushman may be best described by the word 'distinguished;' in the street, in the crowded assembly, wherever he went, people asked, 'Who is he?' and the im-



George Hewitt Cushman
By Himself
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Rebecca Wetherill
By George Hewitt Cushman
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pression produced by his strikingly fine head and well-proportioned figure was deepened by the entire unconsciousness of his manner. Outside of the limit of private life Mr. Cushman was chiefly known as an artist, and, under different circumstances, he would have taken the highest rank as a miniature painter. But, as I have said, he was inclined to underestimate his own genius; he lacked the stimulus of pecuniary necessity; and for many years he suffered from an intensely painful malady, which to some extent paralyzed alike his ambition and his physical energy. The pictures he painted were done mostly for his friends, and not professionally. They are of unequal merit; but of the best of them it is not too much to say that they compare favorably with those of Malbone, if they do not equal them; and, if he had devoted himself to the art, he would have achieved a renown as high."

To those who are familiar with Mr. Cushman's admirable miniature work, it does not seem as if Mrs. Botta had claimed too much for him.

His portraits of women more nearly approach those of Malbone in their delicacy of color and treatment than the work of any other American miniaturist. Among several excellent miniatures left by Mr. Cushman in Hartford is one of Daniel Wadsworth.

In Philadelphia he painted portraits of "Grace Greenwood" and of the Misses Wetherill, granddaughters of Samuel Wetherill, the

Free Quaker, whom Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has introduced into his novel "Hugh Wynne." One of these sisters whom Mr. Cushman painted, Susan Wetherill, became his wife. The most characteristic and beautiful of his portraits are those of Miss Rebecca Wetherill, his sister-in-law, and of Miss Martha Wetherill, who married Mr. William W. Young, of Washington.* In his early days in Connecticut, and in his later life in New York and Philadelphia, Mr. Cushman was intimately associated with Mr. John Cheney, the engraver, with his brother, Seth W. Cheney, who excelled in drawing and in portraiture in black and white, and with Chauncey B. Ives, the sculptor, whose fine work in marble and in bronze is to be found in several of our cities.

John Henry Brown painted many excellent miniatures during his long career as an artist, which lasted from 1836 until 1891, with the exception of twelve years, from 1864 to 1876, when he was engaged as a partner in a photographic establishment. Mr. Brown was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1818. An account of his early life and of how he began to paint is to be found in his own diary,† in which he

* Mr. Cushman painted an exquisite miniature of Fanny Kemble, which she gave to her intimate friend Miss Catherine Sedgwick. From this miniature the artist painted a much smaller replica for Mrs. Botta.

† For the use of this unpublished diary the author is indebted to Mr. J. Henry Brown's son, Mr. Walter Brown, who is also a miniature painter.

says that he entered the Recorder's office in Lancaster, under Jacob Peelor, Esquire, at the age of sixteen, and upon losing that position two years later, in consequence of a change of administration, Governor Wolf being succeeded by Governor Ritner, he turned his attention to the art of engraving. He was, he says, unable to pursue his studies in this branch of art for lack of means, but adds: "I embraced however with pleasure the study of my other love,—Painting. On the 5th of Feby. 1836 I entered Mr. Arthur Armstrong's painting room. Mr. A. was doing many kinds of work,—portrait,—history,—landscape &c. but depended principally, as a means of living, on sign and fancy painting. I remained with him until the 21st of August 1839. Being then of lawful age I commenced business for myself immediately, (in Lancaster), as a portrait, sign & fancy painter; to which I added miniature painting, a branch not taught by Mr. Armstrong, and at which I had been working at home, on Sundays—God forgive me—for near a year before I left him. My progress was slow, as I had no instructor and no information,—save a little gained from an old book called 'The Complete Young Man's Companion.' I followed business as a painter of all work until 1844, about which time my career as a miniature painter exclusively commenced. Though I have given that commencement a date, its adoption as a business exclusively was nevertheless gradual,—like the gradation

of light and shade, and arose or was caused thus,—in consequence of my decided preference for that branch of my profession, I would attend to orders for miniatures to the exclusion of all other engagements, as orders for miniatures increased, orders for other kinds of work diminished, as it soon became known among my patrons what my preference was. In 1842 I made a professional visit to this City [Philadelphia] by solicitation. I remained between two and three months and painted during that time ten or twelve miniatures. As I did not like Philadelphia at that time, I went back to my native place, though I had, when I left, some months' work engaged."

During the years in which Mr. Brown was painting he executed miniatures of many distinguished men and beautiful women, chiefly in Philadelphia, although he painted in other large cities.

Among these sitters, early and late, were Bishop Odenheimer, Mr. Henry J. Williams, Mr. Joseph Swift, Dr. John K. Mitchell, Joseph Hopkinson, grandson of Judge Hopkinson, Mr. William Welsh, Mrs. Henry D. Gilpin, Mrs. James Coleman, Mrs. A. J. Drexel, the Honorable Alexander Henry, and Edwin Booth.

One of Mr. Brown's earlier miniatures is of Mrs. Seth Craige, who was Angeline Shaw, of Maine.

Some interesting letters, written to her mother by Mrs. Craige while on a visit to



Mrs. Seth Craige
By J. Henry Brown
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Mrs. Henry E. Johnston
(Harriet Lane)
By J. Henry Brown
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Savannah with her husband, have been preserved in her family.

In one of these letters there is an amusing description of a Christmas dinner, and between the lines we read more notes of exclamation than those that appear after the announcement of the very elegant dinner and the green peas in December; the fashions and customs of the South being very different from those to which the New England girl had been accustomed. The letter was written December 27, 1828, and the writer says: "I will give you a slight description of our Christmas Day. You must know we boarded in the same house in Charleston with Mrs. Barnes of the New York Theatre, a charming woman she is too, visited by the first families in New York and Boston, and respected by all who know her, she likewise came to Savannah with us in the Steamboat. But to my story—probably Thomas has heard of the Honorable Mr. Gaston of this place, a bachelor who is very hospitable to strangers. He had heard we were here, and called on us, and insisted on our dining with him on Christmas Day, he said he would have a very small party, three or four ladies and the same number of gentlemen, was sorry he could not have a larger one, but owing to there being so many family parties it was not possible. As it is customary for him to have frequent lady parties, we went, likewise Mrs. Barnes who is an old acquaintance of his. At four o'clock he came for us accompanied by Mrs. B. and waited

upon us to his house, which is very elegant for a bachelor's hall, were ushered into a room full of gentlemen, not a lady beside ourselves, were seated on the sofa, and judge of our feelings when before the ceremony was over, we were introduced to upwards of thirty gentlemen, all the Lords, Dukes, and Counts of the place.

"Our host strewed us with roses, and sprinkled us with Cologne water, or I believe I should have fainted. I wanted to laugh so bad I did not know what to do. Mrs. B. is very lively and she kept touching me, with 'did you ever! too bad! never mind! bear up,' and so on, while Seth had got into a corner grinning at us and enjoying our confusion. . . . At 5 oclk we were summoned to the table, which was elegantly lighted up, and such a dinner! throughout the most elegant you can imagine, and among the dishes green peas!

"Mrs. Barnes was escorted to the table by Mr. Gaston, Mrs. Craige by Colonel McCrea of New York, the gentlemen followed in order, each plate having a gentleman's name written on a beautiful card. Now if I could only paint you our dinner scene you would die with laughter.

"Our host gave us a toast which was drunk standing, appropriate only to the ladies, a very elegant one, and he insisted upon a sentiment from the ladies—during all this time you might have lit a match by my face. At seven o'clock we begged to retire—we had coffee served in

the drawing room and at half-past eight returned to the hotel, so much amused that I shall go to see the gentleman again, as it is considered a great honour."

Of the pursuit of pleasure under difficulties in the way of theatre-going, Mrs. Craige wrote in the same cheerful vein: "Last night the ladies wished me to join them and go to the theatre. I agreed, so we dressed ourselves, decorated our heads, hired the only carriage the town affords, an old fish cart; sent the gentlemen ahead in the rain. Savannah being a sand bank, and no pavement you can judge of the walking—arrived there—no play—too bad a night for Mrs. Barnes to turn out, so we had to go home and be laughed at handsomely."

A Lancaster boy, and a resident of that town during his youth, J. Henry Brown was a life-long friend of James Buchanan, afterwards President of the United States. Of him Mr. Brown painted two miniatures. He also painted a miniature of Mr. Buchanan's niece, Miss Harriet Lane, who presided with so much grace and dignity over the social functions of the White House during her uncle's administration.

A glamour seems to surround this last administration before the war, when Washington life in official circles, as it now stands out against the long period of storm and stress so soon to follow, seems like a gala day. Mrs. Ellet, who wrote of the first Republican Court of 1789, chronicles the gay doings of this later

circle with the zest and freedom which a writer feels in dealing with known quantities. She tells of a fancy ball at which "Mr. Kingman appeared as President Monroe, dressed by Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur in the very court dress Monroe wore at the French court as Ambassador," where Mrs. Alexander Slidell was a dazzling vision in a Russian court dress of velvet and rich fur, and Mrs. Hopkins, of California, and Mrs. Burt, of Ohio, respectively personated Lady Macbeth and Lady Byron. Upon the glories of dinners, receptions, and *soirées* this famous chronicler descants at length, telling of a May entertainment at the British embassy when Lord Napier wore a court costume glittering with gold lace, while Lady Napier stood at his side exquisitely attired, her head adorned with a wreath of water-lilies surmounted by a tiara of diamonds, those being days when beautiful heads were disfigured with braids, wreaths, jewels, and other decorations. Miss Lane seems to have had the good taste to dress her fair hair with great simplicity. She is described as a blonde, "with deep violet eyes, golden hair, classic features, and a mouth of peculiar beauty."

An interesting feature of this administration was the visit of the Prince of Wales, in 1860, accompanied by Lord Lyons, which was the occasion of many elaborate festivities at the capital. Some of the official functions appear to have bored his Royal Highness, but he is said to have entered with boyish glee into



Mrs. William Howard Gardiner
(Caroline L. Perkins)

a game of tenpins with Miss Lane at Mrs. Smith's institute for young ladies, and manfully bore his part in dancing with Miss Slidell, Miss Gwin, Miss Riggs, Miss Ledyard, and Miss Lane on the deck of the steamer, as they returned from an all-day excursion to Mount Vernon.

A Southern gentleman in official life, and much in Washington during these years, said: "The White House under the administration of Mr. Buchanan approached more nearly to my idea of a Republican Court than the President's house has ever done since the days of Washington." Much of the elegance that characterized the social functions of the White House was due to Miss Lane's influence, who seems to have combined courtesy and dignity in a manner that made her a most charming hostess.

Mr. Brown's miniature of Mr. Buchanan's niece was painted some years after her marriage to Mr. Henry Elliott Johnston, of Baltimore.

Another Lancaster woman, a friend of Mrs. Johnston's, whose miniature was painted by the same artist, was Mrs. Isaac Hazlehurst, who, as Caroline Jacobs, was a reigning belle in Philadelphia in the late thirties. Among her friends and contemporaries in Lancaster and Philadelphia were Sarah Jane Hall, afterwards Mrs. Thomas F. Potter; Lydia Jenkins, who married Mr. Beverly Robinson, of New York; Elizabeth Wharton and Patty James, of Phil-

adelphia, two rare beauties, and the lovely Coleman sisters, of Lancaster, Anne and Sarah. Anne C. Coleman was engaged to James Buchanan. The rupture of this contract, at Mr. Coleman's desire, was a disappointment from which Mr. Buchanan, it is said, never recovered. Another unfulfilled engagement was that of Sarah Coleman to the distinguished divine and poet, William Augustus Muhlenberg, who was rector of Saint James's Church in Lancaster during the early years of the century. The reason for the breaking of this engagement, family tradition does not reveal. Dr. Muhlenberg, who never married, soon after wrote the hymn by which he is best known, "I Would not Live Alway." Harriet Coleman, the course of whose true love ran more smoothly than that of her two aunts, married Eugene Livingston, of New York.

A few older inhabitants, who recall the charms of this galaxy of beauty, shake their heads solemnly when they describe the attractions of these belles of fifty years ago, as if no such loveliness could ever again be tempted to visit this hoary-headed old earth.

Those who knew Mrs. Hazlehurst in her youth dwell more upon her loveliness of character and charm of manner than upon her great beauty. These traits she possessed in a marked degree long after youth had fled.

As Mr. Hazlehurst occupied a prominent place in the legal and political life of Philadelphia, his wife met many distinguished men of

the day. Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Edward Everett, James Buchanan, and Henry D. Gilpin were entertained at the hospitable home of the Hazlehursts, and became fast friends of their hostess as well as of her husband.

Mr. Brown was in 1860 called upon to paint a miniature of Mr. Buchanan's great successor in office, Abraham Lincoln.

For the purpose of having some sittings from Mr. Lincoln, the artist went to Springfield, Illinois, in August, 1860. During this visit Mr. Brown made the following notes:

"13th, Called at Mr. Lincoln's house to see him. As he was not in I was directed to the Executive Chamber in the State Capitol. I found him there. Handed him my letters from Judge Read. He at once consented to sit for his picture. We walked together from the Executive Chamber to a Daguerrian establishment. I had a half dozen of ambrotypes taken of him before I could get one to suit me. I was at once most favourably impressed with Mr. Lincoln. In the afternoon I unpacked my painting materials.

14th, Commenced Mr. Lincoln's picture. At it all day.

15th, At Mr. Lincoln's picture.

16th, Mr. Lincoln gave me his first sitting, in the library room of the State Capitol. Called to see Mrs. Lincoln, much pleased with her. Wrote five letters.

17th, 18th, at Mr. Lincoln's picture. Received an invitation from Mrs. Lincoln to take tea with them.

19th, Sunday. Wrote letters.

20th, Mr. Lincoln's second sitting. Have arranged to have his sittings in the Representative Chamber.

21st, At Mr. Lincoln's picture. Heard from home, all well.

22d, Mr. Lincoln's third sitting.

23d, At Mr. Lincoln's picture.

24th, Mr. Lincoln's fourth sitting.

25th, Mr. Lincoln's fifth and last sitting. The picture gives great satisfaction. Mrs. Lincoln speaks of it in the most extravagant terms of approbation.

26th, Sunday. At church. Saw Mrs. Lincoln there. I hardly know how to express the strength of my personal regard for Mr. Lincoln. I never saw a man for whom I so soon formed an attachment. I like him much and agree with him in all things but his politics. He is kind and very sociable, immensely popular among the people of Springfield, even those opposed to him in politics speak of him in unqualified terms of praise. He is 51 years old, 6 feet 4 inches high and weighs 160 pounds. There are so many hard lines in his face that it becomes a mask to the inner man. His true character only shines out when in an animated conversation or when telling an amusing tale, of which he is very fond. He is said to be a homely man. I do not think so. . . .

27th, The people of Springfield who have seen Mr. Lincoln's picture speak of it in strong terms of approbation, declaring it to be the best that has yet been taken of him. Received a letter from Mr. Lincoln endorsing the picture, also from Mrs. Lincoln expressing her unqualified satisfaction with it; also one from Mr. John G. Nicolay, Mr. Lincoln's confidential clerk, and one from the man who took the ambrotype."

An acknowledged pioneer in the art of engraving in America was John Sartain, who was ten years the senior of John Henry Brown.

Mr. Sartain was widely known in his chosen profession, in which he accomplished a larger

amount of good work than any other engraver of his time. He also introduced into America that branch of engraving known as mezzotint. Mr. Sartain engaged professionally in several branches of painting. In the art of miniature painting on ivory he had lessons from Henry Richter. Several miniatures painted by Mr. Sartain are in the possession of his daughter, Miss Emily Sartain, principal of the Philadelphia School of Design for Women.

One of these miniatures is of the Reverend John Breckinridge. The inscription in the artist's own handwriting on the back of this miniature is:

"Rev. Jno Breckinridge
from life, by
John Sartain
in the year 1835, painted at the residence of Mr. Breckinridge, on the west side of Ninth St. above Race St., Philadelphia, about the 5th house from Race."

Mr. Sartain drew a crayon head of Dr. Breckinridge, which was pronounced by an eminent Charleston artist to be "a miracle of character in drawing." He also engraved a miniature of Mrs. Breckinridge, who was a very beautiful woman, and painted a portrait bust of her father, the distinguished Dr. Samuel Miller, of Princeton College.

Mr. Sartain, whose life comprised the years, eventful in both England and America, between

1808 and 1897, possessed a mind stored with interesting events from his own experience. As with the wand of a magician, he could transport his hearers to London as it was in the later years of George III., when Benjamin West, as president of the Royal Academy, was giving the benefit of his ripe experience to Thomas Sully, Charles R. Leslie, and other young artists who were afterwards the American friends and associates of Mr. Sartain. Upon one occasion he took his delighted listeners with him to Charles Kemble's theatre in Covent Garden, and introduced them to the brilliant display of fireworks at Vauxhall Garden given in 1821 upon the accession of George IV.

Mr. Sartain came to America in 1830, and was living here when Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and Wendell Phillips were in their prime; he lived through the exciting years that preceded the civil war, knew Grant and Lincoln, and lingered so long amid the shadows of the departing century that it seemed as if it might be granted him to behold the dawn of another.

What shall the new century bring to life, to literature, and to art? we may well ask as we stand upon its threshold. Whatever the years may bring in greater artistic achievement, there can scarcely arise in the days to come a nobler or more sincere band of men and women than those who, in the face of uncounted difficulties, have in the last one hundred years upheld the dignity and purity of American art.



Mrs. Isaac Hazlehurst
By J. Henry Brown
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CHAPTER VIII. MINIATURE PAINTING AS AN ART
BY EMILY DRAYTON TAYLOR

IN order to review the art of miniature painting understandingly, one should begin at those early days when this name "miniature" was not used, as now, to describe a portrait painted on ivory and set in a small gold frame. Miniature painting is literally what the word signifies, a "painting in little," although we find in an excellent article on miniature painting another explanation of the word:* "Those who illuminated manuscripts were called *illuminatori*, and from the fact that the initial letter of a chapter of a paragraph was painted *red*, the pigment of which was the Latin *minium*, or red lead, they acquired the name of *miniatori*, from which the word *miniature* is formed."

The true miniaturists were originally, then, the decorators of old missals. At what date the term "miniature" first arose in its original home, Italy, and when it began to be applied exclusively to those small portraits, is not yet settled. It might be that the idea of painting a portrait in miniature of some Pope to be used by a *dévote* or king, or worn by a statesman or court lady, constituted the original germ

* "Miniature Painting," by Samuel Wagner, Junior.

from which the miniature portrait developed. Pepys never uses the word "miniature," but always "painting in little," and Horace Walpole invariably employs the term "miniature." We shall not go far wrong in placing its introduction into England during the first half of the sixteenth century.

It is interesting to bear in mind that there still exist in certain ancient choral books at the cathedral of San Marco, in Florence, exquisite miniatures by Fra Angelico. Liberale da Verona Altavante, of Florence, who was a celebrated missal decorator, painted the one in Brussels on which the former regents of Belgium took their oaths of office. Two friends of Giotto, mentioned by Dante, Oderigi of Agobbio, and Fanco Bolognese, were miniaturists to the Pope, and glorified some splendid books for the Vatican library.

Life-size portraits in oil colors on canvas are not always pleasing objects, whereas this painting "in little," if not an entirely truthful likeness, is at least a charming souvenir, an ornament embodying a history of years long past, or recalling many tender memories.

An increasing interest is shown of late years in this line of portraiture; and a larger, more intelligent appreciation is given to the few old ones we are fortunate enough to find preserved. The present is an age of revivals, and a regeneration of the all but dead art of miniature painting is certainly interesting.

Miniature portrait painting, though described



Edith Moore Taylor
By Emily Drayton Taylor

as "in little," should be by no means considered a lesser art. The court of Henry VII. had its official miniature painter, as, indeed, had almost all the courts of Europe, and extravagant prices were paid for these small portraits,—sums which we now, in all our nineteenth century extravagance, would hardly think of giving. Unfortunately, in this form of portrait painting, as in all other branches of art, many miscalled artists have dabbled, and succeeded only in spoiling much good vellum, paper, or ivory. These specimens have no place in the history of art, and the names of the painters are now happily forgotten.

Early in the sixteenth century this form of likeness acquired a distinct position, and we thereafter have no difficulty in tracing its growth up to the first half of this century, after which time the art seems to have declined. Hans Holbein we may claim to be one of the first miniature painters, and, remembering that he died in London in 1543, we may well feel that one of his little pictures preserved to us through all these years is a veritable treasure. It must not be thought that he painted on ivory; he used vellum, paper, or copper.

The name of Clouet may be said to head the list of miniature painters in France. Jean was the first of this artistic family, although little is known of him, but his son, Jean Clouet II., was attached to the court of Francis I., and on his death his son, François Clouet, became court painter. This is the Clouet who has

left us so many pictures, miniatures, and quaint drawings. Some little sketches of the royal children of Catherine de Médicis are extant. These were sent to her from the royal nursery at St.-Germain-en-Laye,—round and fat little children, in no wise suggesting the sinister ending of their misspent lives. There are many of these small sketches and pictures, so at least it may be supposed that Catherine was a fond and perhaps anxious mother. The Clouets were a family of painters; after Jean came Jean II., then François, who was alive in 1580, but the dates are somewhat uncertain.

It is interesting to know that even in those early days women had earned distinguished places as miniature painters. One Levina Teerlinck, as early as 1560, was of high repute in England, and we nearly always observe the name of a woman keeping place in popularity, touch, and quality with the men in this branch of small portrait limning.

The first miniature painter, whom we may rightly so call, belonging to England was Nicholas Hillard, born in 1547, died in 1619. Many interesting examples of his art may be seen at Windsor; possibly the most notable is a little prayer-book, containing a prayer written by Queen Elizabeth herself, in six languages, with a miniature of the Queen at the commencement and one of the Duc d'Alençon at the end.

A name that should be known and revered by every miniature lover is Isaac Oliver, who died as late as 1617. His portrait of James I.



Mrs. Clement B. Newbold
(Mary Scott)
By Emily Drayton Taylor

served for a model to Rubens and Anthony Vandyck when they painted the King after his death. Oliver's work is strong and full of character, and his color has lasted well. Fortunately, some of his miniatures are preserved to us. A well-known portrait by him of Jane Seymour, and one of Shakespeare, so called, are in existence.

Frederic Zucchero painted during this time, 1574. He also painted Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots. How many miniatures good Queen Bess must have sat for! However, this Zucchero was not court painter, or, at least, I can find nothing in the records to this effect. All through her long reign the miniaturist was in fashion, and consequently flourished. These men did not confine themselves exclusively to the "little," often either copying from the old Italian masters or painting life-size portraits; and, indeed, many were engravers and goldsmiths as well.

During the reign of James I. this art still held its place, many names occurring from time to time, and towards the latter part Peter Oliver, the son of Isaac, was acknowledged a leader in this branch of the art. He painted for many years most successfully, and died as late as 1647. Vandyck left many beautiful miniatures, some of which may be seen in England, and are mostly done in oil color on wood or copper.

Samuel Cooper and John Hoskins both painted well, and occasionally one finds a

miniature by one of them outside of collections. But Cooper must stand first, "the Vandyck of painting in little," and any person once having seen his portraits will forever desire to possess one. In finish, delicacy of touch, yet great strength, and a certain look of having been good likenesses, they seem never to have been surpassed. He painted Oliver Cromwell, and this fine miniature has been spared the barbaric ravages of the Commonwealth period. Thanks to Pepys's Diary, we have some quaint insight into these times, for there is an entry of his having paid Cooper for painting his wife "£30 for his work, and the crystal and gold case comes to £8. 3s. 4d. which I sent him this night that I might be out of debt."

Of the works of Richard Gibson the dwarf many examples can still be seen, and a few pieces of the handiwork of his daughter, Susan Penelope Rose, *née* Gibson. She justly achieved pronounced success. The troubled times just before and after the execution of Charles I. had a sensible effect upon this as upon all the other arts. From the Commonwealth period the names of few artists have come down to us, and not until the Restoration does miniature painting begin to be heard of again.

Sir Peter Lely, whom few of us associate with miniature painting, but rather with large canvases of stately dames with amazingly long necks and longer hands and arms, yet acted as instructor to many who became miniature painters. He was, moreover, a good teacher.



Madame Jerome Bonaparte
By Jean Baptiste Augustin
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One pupil, Mary Beale, became most successful, and an interesting diary exists, kept by her husband, in which the most minute details of her life are written down. The names of the sitters, the prices paid, and even quaint little notes of the characteristics of the sitters are given. She made a considerable income for those days.

Thomas Flatman painted at this time, and also practised law, like Charles Fraser,—a strange combination. The short and troubled reign of James II. was most unfavorable to the arts; nevertheless, a few distinguished names appear, and one of these, Francati, an Italian, possessed no mean talent. The reign of William III. was rich and prolific in portrait painters, but produced few miniaturists. Sir Godfrey Kneller held the chief place at this time, as Vandyck had in the previous reigns.

Thomas Sadler painted many miniatures; the one of John Bunyan is well known through the numerous mezzotints made from it.

Enamellers appear to have crept into the portrait arts to such an extent that it affected the paintings "in little," hence a decided downward movement was felt, until Sir Joshua Reynolds arose and gave to all art a new and vigorous vitality.

Nathaniel Hone seems almost modern when we reflect that in 1769 he was elected a Royal Academician. The father and son, Horace Hone, are sometimes confounded, the more so as very few of their paintings are signed,

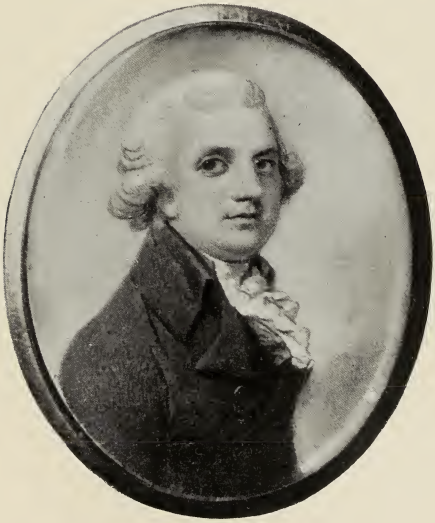
and even then by only one or more initial letters. Those, however, who are familiar with and can tell the differences of touch and color, and breadth of treatment, can readily distinguish between them.

Richard Cosway is well known to all, and many individuals as well as collections possess examples of this gifted man's productions.* He was born at Tiverton in 1741. Unfortunately, the world is flooded with imitations, and no fourth-class collector thinks anything of showing you miniatures and assuring you that they are genuine examples of Cosway's skill. Had he painted all those attributed to him, a fair allowance would be one painting produced on each day of his life, and, even remembering that he lived until a recent date, 1821, this would not seem to cover the market supply. It must be remembered that he never signed a portrait on the face side, but occasionally wrote on the back, "Ric^{dus} Cosway, R.A., Primarius Pictor Serenissimi Walliæ Principis Pinxit," and sometimes only R. C. His exquisite coloring and happy composition have led to much imitation, but a true Cosway is a priceless treasure and a possession of which to be genuinely proud. His wife, Maria Cosway, also painted, and would seem to have been a woman of interesting personality.

* The Honorable John Drayton, District Judge of the United States of America for South Carolina, and son of William Henry Drayton, of South Carolina, delegate to the Continental Congress, etc.



Niece of Admiral Coffin
By Richard Cosway



Honorable John Drayton
By Richard Cosway
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Such a name as Ozias Humphrey can stand even in comparison with Cosway. There were several other miniaturists who painted well at this time, such as John Smart and Samuel Shelley. The latter painted somewhat in Cosway's key. Shelley possessed undoubtedly great talent, and was constantly spoken of as Cosway's rival. Born in or near Whitechapel, he was of humble origin, and was entirely self-taught. His work resembles Cosway's in many particulars; the hair is often painted in much the same way, and many of his miniatures are doubtless regarded as genuine "Cosways:" they are not, however, to be looked upon as copies, or imitations in the ordinary sense.

James Nixon, Henry Bone, Henry Edridge, George Engleheart, Sir Henry Raeburn, William Wood, and others are English miniaturists of high rank. In France Jean Baptiste Augustin was miniaturist to Louis XVIII., and was excelled only by Isabey.* Jean Baptiste Isabey

* A beautiful miniature by Isabey of Richard Worsam Meade is in the possession of his descendants. This miniature, which was painted when Mr. Meade was in France, at about the age of nineteen, is a charming specimen of Isabey's work. To add to its value, it is signed "Isabey" on the face. Richard Worsam Meade was a son of George Meade, of Philadelphia, and Henrietta Constantia Worsam, whose father was King's Councillor for the island of Barbadoes. Mr. Meade married Margaret Coates Butler, and their son was the distinguished General George Gordon Meade, of Pennsylvania.

the great was born at Nancy in 1767, and died in Paris in 1855. He claimed that he had painted every celebrated character in Europe, and was a pupil of David and a friend of Napoleon. Isabey rose from being a poor fellow who painted boxes and medallions to be the Court painter of Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, and down to Napoleon III., who gave him a pension.*

Andrew Robertson, next in order of time, greets us with his beautiful, strong, highly refined work, and may fairly be regarded as the link between the Old World methods and the New, for his brother, Archibald Robertson, came to this country, working here all his life, and corresponding constantly with his brother in London. A most interesting collection of his letters and papers has just been published by his daughter, Miss Emily Robertson, in London. Parts of this book are instructive, and others again delightfully

* A miniature preserved by the Wetherill family and attributed to Isabey, although unsigned, like so many other miniatures of the time, is of a French gentleman of distinction, an *émigré* who was hospitably entertained by Mr. Samuel Wetherill. Before leaving Philadelphia the young Frenchman, whose name has never been revealed to this generation, presented Mr. John Wetherill, the son of his host, with his miniature, which bears upon the reverse the initials H. R. in seed-pearls. A romantic history, confided by the young Frenchman to Mr. Wetherill, was never divulged by him, thus lending a charm of mystery and adventure to the handsome face that looks forth from Isabey's miniature upon the very different American world of to-day.



Richard Worsam Meade
By Jean Baptiste Isabey
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interesting, giving an insight into the life of that time.*

It is a strange coincidence that Edward G. Malbone should have been born the same year as Robertson, 1777, at Newport, Rhode Island. This great miniature painter lived in Charleston, South Carolina, for many years, which accounts for the numerous portraits from his brush found there. He, however, painted in almost all the large cities of America, and died in 1807. The beauty of his coloring and the perfection of his drawing satisfy our every demand. This period stands pre-eminent for all that is best in this branch of the art, and we should regard the products of that earlier time as guides, models, and inspirations in all modern work.

Of Malbone's great friend, Charles Fraser, words of praise should not be wanting, although he cannot be compared with Malbone in either drawing or the delicate sense of color. Fraser painted during a long period of years, mostly in his native State, South Carolina.

The name of Edward Miles is not so well known as his fine, strong work deserves. He reminds us in his treatment of George Engleheart, and one can but wonder if they painted together in London, where Miles resided for a time. He also painted in Russia, and afterwards, in later life, in Philadelphia.

* "Letters and Papers of Andrew Robertson, A.M." Eyre & Spottiswoode, London.

Viewing the miniature of to-day with the glamour of the ancients yet upon us is a hard task, for until recent years—very recent—it was considered a dead art, photography having been thought to adequately replace or to have killed it; and, indeed, the rivalry of sun pictures may well be feared, because if the miniature portrait be not photographically exact, it is not, as a rule, thought to be sufficiently like, and photographic exactness and artistic conception are not near of kin. It is true, the photograph may be a legitimate help, and often is useful, in supplying minor details, and thus relieving the sitter of many weary hours. If we could have seen the original and the miniature side by side in the case of even so great a man as Oliver himself, I doubt if we should have found any but a "character portrait"—a good impression of the person, but by no means a photographic image.

Whether this reawakening of the portrait miniature has come in any permanency or vigor to make it lasting, time alone will show; but surely these lovely images are delightful possessions by which to recall friends or loved ones, and are doubly satisfactory, furnishing the possibility of constant and convenient association; for the little paintings can travel with us, where a larger likeness could scarce be moved from the wall.

Ivory is particularly well adapted for the base on which to delineate human tones and textures, as its soft and sensitive surface re-



Mrs. Richard C. Derby
By Edward Greene Malbone
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sponds readily to the touch of the brush, and the colors can, when rightly handled, be made to appear both rich and brilliant.

It is impossible to estimate aright the work of those who pass current now as able masters of this art. It would be unfair in any brief chapter such as this to attempt to institute comparisons. We must remember, in forming our judgments, that it is a portrait that is attempted, and an able modern critic has declared that, while the first requisite in a portrait is exactitude in respect to the likeness, the essential point is that the deeper qualities of personal appearance must be portrayed. To do this thing and to succeed in producing a satisfactory result which shall be of lasting value (not necessarily satisfying the shallow casual criticism of relatives and friends), it is imperative that the capacity for acute critical observation should reside in the artist. It must be in his or her power to look far down into a human character and delineate the best that can be revealed, and this best must be the basal qualities which are inherent, and not necessarily obvious or patent to all. Herein educated judgment and high selective powers are absolutely needed. If these be absent in the artist, the product will be no dignified creation, but merely a simpering sketch of superficial points, possessing no real value. Moreover, it is most unfortunate, though not necessarily impairing the value of the work from a stand-point of criticism by fellow-artists, when a painter

adopts too many tricks, mannerisms, or peculiarities in treatment which are either bizarre or merely evidences of fashionable craze.

The primary colors undoubtedly do combine to form the tones which are used in giving an imitation of life-like appearances; there are also undercurrents of purples and greens which are not obvious to the casual, untrained eye. But that these should appear streak-like, dashed across a picture in such a way as to be offensively obtrusive, certainly does not aid in securing a life-like effect, which is the very essence of portraiture. And while, indeed, all these brush marks may be admissible in large, bold canvases, to be viewed from adequate and varying distances, they seem to be quite out of place in a picture designed to be best seen and appreciated at the distance of a foot or two from the eye. Miniature painting is a limited art. Good work can undoubtedly be done in it in various styles and manners, but there is practically only one style to which it is fully adapted. The creamy, soft tints are not to be obtained in water-color, per se, and in oil-color seldom. These are particularly to be found in ivory, which should be made to do its own work, showing through as much as possible, and assuming that warmth and depth in places which almost nothing else can give.

Those who begin to paint miniatures should possess a thorough knowledge of drawing, without which nothing of any real or permanent value can be accomplished. The first



Russian Princesses
By Edward Miles
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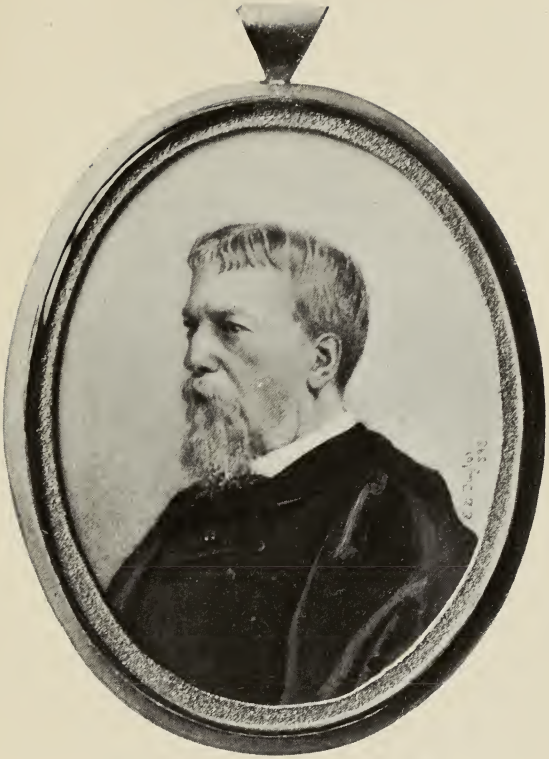


Unfinished miniature
By Edward Miles

step in painting a portrait on ivory is to draw in lightly with a very hard pencil the general outline, and barely indicate where the features are to be. Do not rub out much with india-rubber, as that will make the ivory glossy and therefore difficult to work on afterwards; but take some clean water and a brush, or a fine rag on the end of a pointed stick, with which the mistake can be safely removed. Above all, the ivory should be kept ever clean and fresh, otherwise the work will have a muddy, dull look. After the features are placed, take a fine sable brush, and with a tint made of crimson lake, burnt sienna, and neutral tint, then work them up, indicating the strong shadows and the hair, or, rather, the general outline of the hair masses. To get the greatest brilliancy in hair effects, wash on the brightest colors first, then work up the deeper shadows later. The dress or coat or drapery should then be put in, not attempting too much at first, but rather striving for a general effect. It is well after this to put in the flesh color, vermilion and yellow ochre; a broad, flat wash, not quite so strong, on the high lights on the forehead; then broadly work in the general mass of shadow, keeping well in mind the salient points of likeness, and learning, above all, what not to see, as well as what to see. Work the warm tones on the upper part of the face, and around the chin and under the lower lip some tones of green, and a little yellow on the throat; but this all varies with different

people, just as some skins have a violet and others a green or a yellow undertone. The upper lip may be made of a more decided carmine, the lower of a redder shade. The hair should be put in with broad washes, always in the direction needed, and nearly in the value ultimately desired, keeping the shadows warm if there is much color in the hair, and cool where the light is high on top, except just where the hair turns over in the light, and where, if the shade is dark, the full, warm color appears. In working on the hair, always make the strokes go in the direction in which the hair lies. Hair must not look like flesh, nor, again, have the same texture as either background or drapery, and can be painted with a broad touch. Drapery must be of yet another texture. This relieves the uniform flat effects so often seen in miniatures, a flatness utterly at variance with good portrait art. Body color (white) should be avoided as much as possible, and never used in the flesh, or there is sure to come from it a thick, pasty, opaque look, and the picture at once loses its charm. Body color may be used in drapery mixed with colors; however, to say that this

NOTE.—Through the courtesy of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, we are able to reproduce on the opposite page a miniature portrait of the physician, author, and poet, of whom his native city is justly proud. This high esteem has been demonstrated recently by the enthusiastic reception and appreciation of his last book, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," an interesting chronicle of Old Philadelphia.



Dr. S. Weir Mitchell
By Emily Drayton Taylor
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is right or wrong is impossible, as there are fine examples of drapery done in both ways. A background is, though seemingly simple and secondary, a most important factor in any portrait, and none the less so in a miniature. One may recall here the incident of the young man who went to Vandyck's studio wishing to find work with him. The great master told him he needed no one else. "But, Master," the boy exclaimed, "I could at least paint your backgrounds." "In that case," said Vandyck, "you are the very fellow I have been looking for all my life, for I can never satisfactorily paint my own backgrounds."

The soft gray effects, shading on either the brown, carmine, and umber, or the blue, Payne's gray, and green, are usually satisfactory. The clouds and blue sky so much used by Cosway and Trott are also very good, but were rather better when back of ladies and gentlemen with powdered hair. A light background often makes the skin appear darker. The outdoor effects of green are most becoming to flesh, but great care must be used in the tones of greens to keep them far enough away, for a background should always be merely a background, and never intrude. A consideration of the greatest importance is to secure a harmony of color as well as of form. In order to do this a careful selection of the general scheme should be made. A spotty composition is to be avoided, and far more depends on this than is generally supposed. A min-

iature, though so small, can express depth, atmosphere, and sentiment, but overmuch should not be attempted, or it fails of half its charm, and individuality, which should be preserved in all simplicity.

Work should be done from life always, for in no other way can a life-like reproduction or effect be attained. The colors must be seen, not imagined. This need not strictly hold good for drapery, as that can be worked up, after getting its general effect on the sitter, by having the dress or coat placed beside one on a manikin, which has a more quiet personality, and therefore gives more time to finish a fold or a shadow with thought and care.

The subject of miniature painting should not be left without a word about the frame. In all pictures the frame plays an important part, but especially so in miniatures. Great simplicity, with great delicacy, must be aimed at. Gold or silver gilt should be used, as the yellow of this metal brings out the colors of the painting best. The goldsmiths of the early part of this century seem to have known the secret of designing the proper frames, and we cannot do better than to pattern ours on their models. Old frames may occasionally be bought, and a skilful workman can make fair reproductions.

The name and date in full should always be engraved on the frame. If this had been more frequently done, some beautiful old miniatures we have, of whom and by whom is not known, would possess a more vital interest.

And, finally, it is well to bear in mind that in passing judgment on the qualities of a miniature portrait, this can only be satisfactorily done by holding it in one's own hand and in a proper light. To attempt to criticise these little portraits while hanging upon a wall more or less distant from the eye would be unfair to the technique or values of the work.

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